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JACKSON · DOWNS · JEM · SMITH.

THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889. | VOLUME LV.—No. 637. Price Ten Cents.

THEY CLEANED OUT THE RANCHE.

BLUE SPRINGS, MISSOURI, LADIES TAKE THE LAW IN THEIR OWN HANDS WITH EFFECT.

The National Police Gazette
The Leading Illustrated Sporting Journal in America.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

NEXT WEEK!

GRAND ANNUAL HOLIDAY NUMBER.

The Annual Holiday Edition of the POLICE GAZETTE will be No. 638, published Wednesday, November 20, 1889.

An Elegant Colored Supplement,

SUBJECT:

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

And His Battles in the Ring,

Will be presented with this number. Size, 18x24. It will be printed in Eight Colors, and will be an Elegant Souvenir for Framing.

No Extra Charge will be made for this Number.

Orders should be left with your news agent at once, as it will be impossible to print more than one edition.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE JACKSON-SMITH FIGHT.

Those who underestimated the power, might, strength and pugilistic prowess of Peter Jackson, the Australian, have been reckoning without their host. Jackson was more than a match for the famous Jem Smith, and can now be counted in the first row of the heavy-weights and as capable of contending with any of the big 'uns, bar none.

The POLICE GAZETTE has always been noted for its happy faculty of giving honor where honor is due, and this time the laurels go to Jackson. Our special cablegram from our regular correspondent, Mr. Atkinson, of *Sporting Life*, shows that Smith was overmatched and that he was, to use Mr. Atkinson's own phrase, "dead licked" early in the game and "fought foul" to save himself, a cross-buttock settling the business and awarding the fight in Jackson's favor.

While we are congratulating Jackson and commiserating with Smith, let us stop a while to congratulate the POLICE GAZETTE for its enterprise in serving up the news of the fight to its readers while it was yet warm. The story of the fight, with illustrations, will be found elsewhere in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

This, according to our way of thinking, shows a spirit of getthereativeness which is worthy of congratulation on the part of our readers and the sporting world generally. It is another feather in our cap, but we have become so accustomed to this spirit of enterprise on the part of the POLICE GAZETTE that it sounds somewhat monotonous for us to even make a bare mention of the fact.

ON another page we tell a story of high kicking by our college boys on Election Day. Football is considered one of the liveliest games extant of our college fellows, but it appears to be almost as dangerous to indulge in the game as it does to be the umpire for two contending amateur baseball clubs. Several of the fellows in the Election Day games went home criss-crossed with court plaster and saturated with honor. While we admit that there's loads of fun in the game, we imagine that it must knock some of the pleasantry out of the sport when a fellow is slammed around the field, is jumped upon by the other twenty-one "boys" and is then carried home to his parents very much resembling an obsolete Creedmoor target. However, as the fellows like it, we can't imagine why the rest of the world should complain.

THEATRE-GOERS are having a perfect gorge of good things at our local theatres, and anybody who has cause for a growl would kick if he were thrown overboard. We have everything on tap—from high-toned to low ditto, and you pay your money and you take your choice. Smutty song-and dance-men, who parade as A1 actors, should, however, lie low, as there is a jumping-off place to the forbearance of even the New York theatre-going public, and guns are cheap this winter.

MASKS AND FACES

British in New York---"Our Flat"---Barrett and Eastlake.

WYNDHAM AND MOORE.

Bessie Bonehill's Bow---"Aunt Jack"... Clara Morris in Hysterics.

WHIFFS AND WHISPERS

We have the British among us in New York, and no mistake.

Barrett and Eastlake are at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Wyndham and Moore are at Palmer's.

Conway has made his debut at the Lyceum.

The parasol of "Aunt Jack" is flourished at the Madison Square.

And Bessie Bonehill has made her first bow here at Pastor's.

Decidedly the British dictate to us, not only the cut of our cravats, our speech, our trousers and our coats, but they furnish us in Gotham just now with our melodrama, our farce comedy and our variety hall songs.

Let's go and see whether these transatlantic stars, Barrett, Wyndham, Eastlake, Conway, Moore, Bonehill, were worth the price of importation.

Barrett and Eastlake appear in "Ben-My-Chree," a play by Hall Caine. It's in three acts and as cheerful as a funeral procession.

Dan Mylrea is the son of the Bishop of the Isle of Man. He is a dissolute, devil-may-care fellow, always in trouble. He is in love with *Mona Mylrea*, his cousin. *Mona* has a brother, *Ewan*, who loves *Dan*, but yet despises him for his recklessness and violence. *Dan* becomes an outcast. He visits *Mona* after dark. To save her honor he hides in her room, but in escaping he falls in with *Ewan*, who is proud, unreasoning and vindictive. He thinks his sister guilty and forces a quarrel. The two men fight with knives. *Ewan* is killed by *Dan*. Another man is accused of murdering *Ewan*, and *Dan* gives himself up rather than see an innocent man suffer. As *Dan* is about to be sentenced to death by the law the Church steps in and claims the right of punishment. *Dan's* father, the Bishop, sentences him to be an outcast. Any one who gives him succor of any kind or speaks to him is by law liable to death. *Mona* is accused of guilt by the Governor of the island, and when she vows at the altar that she is pure but is not believed, *Dan* violates the law by appearing and swearing that *Mona* is innocent. Overcome by the situation, *Mona* dies in the arms of her lover, and *Dan* hurries away to the death which is now a relief and a boon.

This is the plot. Wilson Barrett appears as the hero, the familiar figure we know. He is of good size and athletic build. He has an effeminate face, an aquiline nose, smallish eyes, a weak chin and mouth, a bull neck and a carefully arranged bang. His voice is naturally melodious, but it is monotonous. His gestures lack sweep and he has a queer, womanish way of compressing his lips when he wants to control emotion. Wilson Barrett poses beautifully, and a sculptor like Canova would have found him a fine model. As an actor he lacks virility. Miss Eastlake is his associate. She has faded very much since her last appearance here. As a heroine she did not fill the eye of the spectator. Her enunciation is labored and asthmatic. Altogether Miss Eastlake is miscast. George Barrett, brother of the star, is a fine actor who controls with equal facility the realm of laughter and of tears. He is sympathetic, and magnetic and manly, and in his masterly description of how the body of the murdered man, cast out to sea in a sail, floated away over the waters, created genuine and positive enthusiasm. Miss Lillie Belmore was sweet and attractive. The scenery was fine. The company was well trained. For those who, as Sam Colville used to put it, go to the theatre to buy grief, "Ben-My-Chree" is just the thing.

But excuse me.

The three-act farce, "Our Flat," which Daniel Frohman produced at the Lyceum, is an amusing skit.

A young married couple, *Reginald* and *Margery Sylvester*, have taken a top flat in a house situated in Earl's Court, London, Eng. *Margery Sylvester, nee Margery McCullum*, left a home of luxury and married without her parents' consent. The husband, who is an author of penny dreadfuls and bucket-of-blood dramas, is away down on his luck, publishers and managers refusing his effusions. *Clarence Vane*, an artist and friend, has the flat underneath, and is in love with Mrs. Sylvester's sister, *Lucy*. *Margery* tries in vain to persuade her husband to write lighter and more amusing stories and dramas. She has written "A Sketch of Married Life" for a magazine and she determined to turn it into farcical comedy. Under the title of "Near the Wind," she sends it to the manager of the Star Theatre, giving her husband's name as the author. The piece is accepted, and she awaits the coming of the manager to make final arrangements. Tradespeople are pressing hard for the payment of their bills, and the furniture having been bought on the instalment plan, the owners send their men to remove it, the purchasers having failed to pay the instalment when due. The manager arrives mid the confusing position of having no furniture, and he mistakes the servant for the mistress. And so forth, and so forth. It would be unfair to tell you any more.

H. B. Conway, tall, handsome and athletic, a great masher in London, I hear, was a trifle cumbersome as the husband. He now daily promenades Broadway. Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault, a pretty blonde, has been well coached to be light and graceful. Lillian Alliston, formerly a favorite in burlesque, did well in legitimate as the servant. R. F. Cotton was capital as the manager. Morton Selten was self conscious and highheeledly pompous as the artist. It's worth while seeing "Our Flat," if you've got the blues. And the situations, of the duns in the flat, we've all been in them ourselves, many a time, many a time.

I hear that Hallen and Hart have bounced John T. Kelly. I'm not surprised. I expected it. I have seen "Later On," now at the Bijou, three times, and I can honestly say that each time I saw the jumble Kelly carried off the honors and made the stars shine pale. The house rose at this funmaker, re-demanded him, and applauded him to the echo. I don't know Kelly personally. I don't like his style of comedy. But Kelly did honestly "hog" the fun of that piece, and that, I suppose, is the reason why Hallen gave him his two weeks notice. Well, Kelly needn't care. He's all right.

It's but a step from the Bijou to Palmer's.

Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore made their first appearance here in "David Garrick" at Palmer's before a representative audience the other night. You all know the plot of "David Garrick," a play that has been illumined by the genius of Salvini, Sothern, Rossi and Edwin Adams. A young girl's infatuation for an actor; that's the keynote to the piece. Tom Robertson made it a protest against the commonplace and a plea for the romantic. Let's see who interprets it now. Charles Wyndham is of fair height and fair figure. His face is too homely to suit the idealistic; his eyes are expressionless; his voice is harsh and unpleasant. He has little mobility of feature. He often looks bored. I don't see how a girl like *Ada Ingot*, the romantic daughter of a money-grubbing merchant, could be supposed to fall in love with such a looking *Garrick*. It violates, not poetic license, but poetic probability. Mary Moore, who played the romantic maiden aforesaid, was fair as an actress and so-so-la as a looker. Two of the minor characters were capitally taken. George Giddens invested *Chivey* with artistic charm. William Blakely did *Mr. Smith* to the life. Otherwise, the *David Garrick* of Mr. Chas. Wyndham was almost as bad as that of Lawrence Barrett.

And, you know, you can expect about as much genuine comedy from Lawrence Barrett as you can fresh violets from a telegraph pole.

I hear that, among other beauties, Rice has discharged Ella Rock and Brownie Wells, two of the prettiest girls in the company of Harry Dixey. It was a question of salary, I believe. Rice is studying social and political economy just now to make up for his neglect of that interesting branch of science when he was at school.

Clara Morris played "Helene" at the Union Square last week. Have you heard the story which Richard Neville, of the *World* tells of her first appearance in "Camille" at that house fifteen years ago?

The day before the appearance of Miss Morris as *Camille* her manager was informed that Matilda Heron was coming to see the entertainment the next evening, and this simply meant war, as Matilda had sworn that no one should ever play *Camille*. He at once communicated the news to the management of the house, and arrangements were made to keep Matilda Heron out of the theatre that evening. The treasurer at the box office was instructed to inform her that all the seats were gone, if she came there.

On Friday afternoon, May 15, 1874, the *Daily Graphic* published an illustrated article, giving the history of the rise and decline of the great Matilda Heron. In the same issue was a landatory review of Clara Morris's *Camille*. Miss Morris's manager that evening, and with other gentlemen in the office of the theatre, was discussing the pathetic history of the celebrated actress, when a call boy rushed in, crying: "For God's sake, come back on the stage, quick. Heron has fought her way past the stage doorkeeper and is in Miss Morris's dressing room." He went back as quickly as possible. He found Clara Morris calmly buttoning her gloves, preparatory to her stage entrance, and before her stood Matilda Heron, with eyes glaring, lips trembling and her hands in that feline attitude in which a tigress bends her claws before making a fatal spring. Through her closely set teeth she was fairly hissing her anathemas at the young actress who dared dispute the honors of *Camille* with her, and the fact was palpable that unless something was done, and done quickly, to divert the enraged woman's attention a tragedy might take place.

With marvelous presence of mind, Miss Morris's manager whispered quickly to Mr. Palmer, who had followed him back on the stage: "Quick, Al, introduce me as the reporter of the *Graphic*." The effect was magical. The moment Heron heard the word *Graphic* she made one spring for Miss Morris's manager, forgot all about the woman she was pursuing and followed him to the front of the theatre, whence he had fled. Once there, and realizing that he had gained his end, he explained to her that there must be some mistake, that he had nothing to do with the *Graphic*, and arrangements were soon made to keep her out of the house for the rest of the evening. However, the next day she came to the matinee in a calmer condition of mind, witnessed the performance from the box, and was completely overwhelmed with the genius of her young successor. That matinee was the crowning glory of Clara Morris's artistic career.

I passed a delightful evening when I witnessed "Aunt Jack," by Lumley, of London, at the Madison Square Theatre last week. The play is a bright, brisk, breezy three-act farce comedy.

The heroine is *Aunt Jack*, a well-preserved, wealthy spinster, who has a breach of promise suit on hand against a colonel in the army. Mrs. Booth played this part of the spinster aunt with considerable dash and in elegant costume, with a bewitching smile, a formidable parasol and a bunch of feathers on her hat that nodded at times menacingly over her nose. The leading male character is *Counsellor Brue*, interpreted in his usual clever manner by E. M. Holland. This legal gentleman, a bachelor, meets and falls in love with the spinster aunt, ignorant all the while that she is the plaintiff in the case where he has been engaged as the counsel for the colonel, who is the defendant. When the true state of affairs became plain in the court room scene in the third act, we have an exceedingly amusing and novel situation, and when *Aunt Jack* sings her comic song, and the judge, jury, clerk, usher join in the chorus, the house shrieks with laughter.

As I came out from "Aunt Jack" at Palmer's and remembered that funny court-room scene, I thought how cleverly Bessie Bonehill, the concert hall singer, who made her first bow at Pastor's last week, could describe the situation in verse. Bessie Bonehill is tall and slight, and she dresses as a dude and parts her hair at the side. Bonehill has go and ginger in her manner; her voice is fair and her expression is good. This is the way probably she would render that humorous court-room scene in song:

The judge he winked at the counsellor.
The counsellor winked at the clerk.
The jury passed the wink around and murmured, "What a lark!"
The usher winked at the bobby, the bobby left his seat,
And, going to the window, winked—at somebody on the street.

That row between Daly and Lackaye was a good one. I heard all about it as I was having my shoes shined one morning. Daly cast Lackaye, a recent addition to his company, for a ridiculously small part in "As You Like It," which he is to produce shortly at his theatre. Lackaye, resenting this slight, wrote Daly a note saying the part was beneath him. The next night Dorney, factotum, came to Lackaye and informed Lackaye that if he didn't take that part he must consider himself dismissed the company. Dorney and Lackaye then had some words, such as are not fashionable at church festivals, and Lackaye left.

"I'm glad I'm out of it," said Lackaye, later, to a friend. "I can't lick any man's boots, I'm not anxious to knuckle down to any man. Daly keeps his men from swearing, talking loud or smoking, and his women in hysterics. I was in his company. I'm glad I'm out of it."

One of the most amusing characters in "Aunt Jack" is the one portrayed by Louis Massen. It's *Lord St. John Brompton*, a dull, heavy and impressive swell in love. Massen plays him just right. I could imagine *Brompton*, who is a man of few words and chopped sentences, and a friend of his, duplicating the conversation I overheard the other day between those two fashionable idlers Dumley and Dudelet. Please to remember that both these men are extremely slow of utterance, imperturbed of manner.

"Will you smoke?"
"No."
"Will you drink?"
"No."
"Will you—"
"I don't smoke, dear boy; I don't drink; but the girls—they set me crazy!"

LEW ROSEN.

HAVE ONE WITH US.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Haley opened a quiet club room in Blue Springs, Mo., recently. The local laws are of the strictest kind, but as Haley kept a high-toned place no one interfered with him until a few days ago, when twenty-five women belonging to the temperance organization of the town, masked and armed with clubs, made an attack on the club room. They broke in the doors and found seven or eight old soaks engaged in a game of cards. They ordered them out of the room and then began knocking the bungs out of beer kegs and whisky barrels. Haley made a show of resistance, but he was hit on the head with clubs, and finally ran down the street with four women after him. He escaped in the roller mill. The women smashed all the bottles and glasses and poured the whisky in the street.

A GENIAL FLIP-FLOP.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John S. MacMahon's portrait appears in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. MacMahon is one of the most celebrated circus performers and riders in the country. He was born in Ann Arbor thirty years ago, and at the age of seventeen years he joined the London Circus. A few years later he organized a circus of his own which proved very successful financially. He has at different times been connected with Barnum's, Forepaugh's and O'Brien's circuses. He is now interested in Holland and McMahon's circus.

A NOTED VARIETY ACTOR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James F. Leonard has returned to the variety stage, and will play under the team name of Leonard and Watson. Mr. Leonard left the variety stage some years ago, and went into the comedy and character business, at which he proved a success. He was born in this city, but has been living in Hartford, Conn., for the past twenty years, where he has a host of friends.

WOOD AND SHEPARD.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The portraits of William B. Wood and Frank S Shepard, constituting the Wood and Shepard Musical Comedy Team, are reproduced in our columns this week. Wood was born in Tokay, Hungary. The pard hail from New York. They've been together three years, and count their admirers by the thousands.

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the leading Pugilists, Athletes, Actresses, Actors and Sporting men, only 10 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

EXTRA!

JACKSON WON

Great Excitement in the Pelican Club.

THRONGS SEE THE GO.

Jem Smith Whipped Almost Before He Started.

TWO ROUNDS ENOUGH.

Then the Brawny Englishman Badly Fouls and

JACKSON IS GIVEN THE FIGHT.

Smith, Rushed to the Ropes, Throws His Antagonist.

THE BOBBIES INTERFERE.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

[SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

LONDON, Nov. 11, 1889.

The great battle between Peter Jackson, the colored heavy-weight champion of the world, and Jem Smith,

PETER JACKSON.

the champion of England, for $5,000 offered by the Pelican Club, of this city, was decided this morning, and Jackson won almost hands down. Over 600 persons were present, and among the assemblage were Lord Lonsdale, Lord De Clifford, Lord Cherton, Lord Eric Gordon, Captain Drummond, Mr. Abingdon, Lord W. Bentick, Richard K. Fox, of New York, editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE; Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago; Leonard Brassey, M. J. Hammond, Capt. Richardson, H. St. Mair, Capt. Victor Montague, Capt. Orr Ewing, Capt. Hone, Lord Mayo, Gordon Cumming, Mr. Coleman, Hugh Drummond, Sir John Astley and others.

JEM SMITH.

JEM SMITH'S RECORD.

This famous pugilist was born in St. Luke's, London. He stands 5 feet 8¾ inches in height and fights at 190 pounds. His physical measuremen s are as follows: Chest, 40¼ inches; waist, 36½ inches; hips, 40¼ inches; thigh, 24½ inches; calf, 16¾ inches; biceps, 15¼ inches. He has weighed, untrained, 212 pounds. He made his advent in pugilism in 1882, when he won a boxing competition open to 140-pound pugilists in London. Same year he defeated Bob Preston, in a bare knuckle fight, in eight rounds, occupying 20 minutes, near London, for $40. Same year in London he won the all-England boxing competition for 154-pound men. Same year at St. Luke's, with bare knuckles, beat Liddard, middleweight, in six rounds. Same year beat Snavey, of Oliver, a 168 pound man, with gloves, in four rounds.

In 1883 he won the open boxing compe ition at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, for middle-weights, defeating Bill Brand, Bob Preston and Arthur Cooper. Same year beat Bill Davis, with knuckles, near London, for $50; time of fight, 1 hour. Same year beat Henry Arnold, with gloves, for $50, near London; 14 rounds, occupying 55 minutes. Same year, at Barket, he whipped Skidmore, a 16-stone man (224 pounds), in 3 rounds, with gloves. December 17, 1884, he defeated Wolff Bendoff in a hard-glove fight to a finish, for $100, and won in 12 rounds. In this fight Smith broke his left arm in the third round.

In 1885, in the heavy-weight glove competition, open to all comers, at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, he beat Sugar Goodson, Wannop and Longer, the last named in the final, winning the competition. Dec. 16, 1885, at Godstone, Eng., for £200 a side and the ring championship of Engla d, beat Jack Davis with bare knuckles, 4 rounds, lasting 15 minutes. On Feb. 16, 1886, at Maison Lafitte, near Paris, France, for £300 and the championship of England, Smith fought Alfred Greenfield, of Birmingham, 13 rounds. Smith had the best of the fight when Greenfield's partisans broke into the ring. Jem Mace, the referee, declared the fight a draw.

A KICK OVER THE ARTICLES.

Smith's next battle was with Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, Md., the champion of America. The battle was fought according to London prize ring rules for $5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, typifying the world's championship, offered by Richard K. Fox of New York.

The battle was fought on December 19, 1887, on Isle St. Pierre, France.

One hundred and six rounds were fought in 2 hours 31 minutes, when darkness came on, and the men, without consulting the referee, agreed to a draw.

Smith's last battle was with Jack Wannop, which was decided recently in London, and Smith was declared the winner.

PETER JACKSON'S RECORD.

Peter Jackson, the champion of Australia, is a black man, born in the West Indies in 1861, but the greater portion of his life has been spent in Australia. He is a young giant, standing 6 feet 1½ inches in height, and trained weighs 205 pounds. His first battle was fought five years ago at Foley's Hall, Sydney, New South Wales, where he made a draw with Jack Hayes. A few months later he met the same man and defeated him in a 17-round contest.

He then met Sam Bitten, whom he vanquished in 20 minutes; but in his next fight, where he encountered Bill Farnham, he suffered defeat for the first time. He was afterward matched to meet Farnham, and after a desperate battle the referee decided the battle a draw. Jackson's next battle was with Tom Dooley, whom he put to sleep in three rounds. Tom Lees was his next antagonist, the men fighting 30 rounds at Melbourne, Jackson winning the £400 in stakes and the championship of Australia. The black fellow then resolved to come to America, where he heard that a cartload of money could be made in the ring.

He landed at San Francisco last spring, and fought George Godfrey, the colored hurricane of Boston, defeating him in the most hollow style. He was then matched to fight Joe McAuliffe, the champion of the Pacific Coast, for a purse of $3,000, donated by the California Athletic Club. On Dec. 28, 1888, he defeated Joe McAuliffe at San Francisco in 24 rounds, fought according to Richard K. Fox rules. The battle lasted 1 hour 35 minutes. Jackson is the boxing teacher of the California Athletic Club at a sala y of $150 per month.

When the two men appeared on the scene they were greeted with vociferous cheering by the throng of notabilities present. It was then getting along into the wee sma' hours of the morning. Smith was seconded by Jack Harper and Jack Baldock; Jackson by Jack Fallon and Sam Fitzpatrick. When the men stripped the difference between them was seen to be remarkable. Jackson stood five inches taller. He was light and sinewy, and moved with a tiger's freedom. Smith was heavy, lumbering, and looked like a cart horse beside a thoroughbred. Smith weighed 190 pounds and Jackson 198 pounds. The judges were W. J. King and P. Betteson; the referee was George H. Vise.

The first wrangle took place when the articles of agreement were read. Then Baldock objected to Jackson wearing a belt. The ruling was in Jackson's favor.

BETTING LIVELY AT THE RING SIDE.

The next kick took place over the gloves. Jackson objected to them on the ground that they were too small. Then Jackson was fitted with four-ounce mufflers, and the men went at it, and Smith was soon dead licked.

Smith in the first round led off on the body. Jackson returned with interest. Heavy exchanges followed, Jackson proving himself thus early far the better man, avoiding Smith's vicious blows, and landing when and where he pleased. Smith retired to his corner blowing freely. The Australian meanwhile was smiling and fresh.

In the second round Jackson forced the fighting, knocking Smith all over the ring. Smith's blows were either countered or short. Jackson finally landed a tremendous hit directly under the heart. Smith staggered round the ring until he reached the ropes, where he held on with his right hand, leaning back and guarding himself with his left, meantime sticking his feet out. In this position Jackson could not reach him at first, but finally hit him several smashing blows on the face.

Smith at length relinquished the rope, and rushing at Jackson caught him round the waist and threw him heavily to the ground, using the cross-buttock grip.

Instantly the umpires awarded the fight to Jackson amid tremendous cheering. Smith made a show of resuming with bare knuckles, but the police seized him immediately, and he was, after a short time, persuaded to shake hands with Jackson.

Among the large crowd outside the defeat of the Englishman caused some surprise, and there was much excitement, but the police soon scattered the roughs.

It was one of the shortest fights on record.

ATKINSON.

A DOUBLE MURDER.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

A few days ago Col. A. M. Swope was stabbed and killed by Col. William C. Goodloe, who in turn was shot and mortally wounded by Swope. The affair occurred in the postoffice at Lexington, Ky. Both men have been on bad terms with each other for some time past. Goodloe, on entering the postoffice to get his mail matter, met Swope there, also getting mail matter. Their boxes adjoin. Swope, after getting his mail, instead of stepping aside to make room for Goodloe, commenced a conversation with the clerk. Goodloe said: "You obstruct the way." To this Swope made a remark that he did not care. One word led to another, until finally both men became very much excited. Swope drew a revolver from his coat pocket, and Goodloe pulled a bowie knife. Swope fired a shot at Goodloe, when the latter began to carve Swope. Swope's first shot struck Goodloe in the abdomen, the second shot did not take effect. Goodloe continued to slash Swope until the latter fell dead at his feet. Goodloe's condition is very precarious. Goodloe is internal revenue collector for the district, and was a member of the National Republican Committee. He belongs to one of the oldest and best families in the State. Col. Swope was formerly collector of internal revenue for the district.

DETECTIVE AND HIGHWAYMAN.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

It will be of interest to our Auburn, Cal., readers to know that this week the portrait of Mr. Henry L. Fick will be found in another column. Mr. Fick is the constable of Auburn township. During his career as detective and constable he has made several important arrests, one of which occurred a few days ago. It was the arrest of Henry Williamson, who is supposed to be the highwayman who has been for the past three months stopping and robbing the stage coach that runs from Forrest Hill to Auburn. Fick was also largely instrumental in the arrest of "Black Bart," the noted bandit. Williamson's portrait also appears on another page.

COOKED TO DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A rush of molten iron from a break in the stock of the Colebrook Furnace, of Lebanon, Pa., recently caused the death of five men, while three others were severely burned. The unfortunate men were laborers employed at the works. Some of the dead men were burned beyond recognition. The dead are: Harvey Beck, Henry Fertig, William Snyder, Harvey Bohr, Isaac Siegrist. The injured are: John Bohr, Enoch Eisenhauer, Benjamin Eck.

DETERMINED TO DIE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Armbruster of Grafton, W. Va., lately committed suicide by jumping from the roof of a four-story building. John has been trying for some time past to skip over the dividing line. His first attempt was by the poison route. He then tried a rope three times, but was cut down before any damage was done. The rope was followed by a razor on his throat, a pair of scissors and the fatal jumping act, which severed the string of life. He was sixty-four years old.

HANDY WITH THE BALLS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Nearly everyone in Charleston, S. C., has seen Ike Weatherhorn display his skill in pocketing the ivories and making difficult combination shots at the interesting and exciting game of pool. Weatherhorn was born in Charleston, and is nineteen years of age and champion of South Carolina. Mr. Weatherhorn's portrait appears in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

BOUNCING BESSIE BONEHILL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The charming countenance of Miss Bessie Bonehill, late of the London Music Hall, London, Eng., but who is now delighting audiences at Tony Pastor's, appears in this number. Miss Bonehill has gained fame and ducats on the other side of the big pond with her charming face, sweet voice and male impersonations, and will, no doubt, do the same here.

'FRISCO'S FAVORED DRIVER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere will be found a portrait of Walter A. Maben, the popular young driver who piloted Stamboul to victory in his recent race with Arab. Stamboul won in 2:14½, the fastest stallion record on the Pacific Coast. Young Maben also drives Maggie, 2:20¼; Franklin, 2:19, and other quick steppers.

A BUTTE, MONTANA, SPORT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Ike Moorehouse, the proprietor of a noted sporting house in Butte, Montana, is a lover of good horseflesh. Mr. Moorehouse has a very fast pacer, also a speedy mare, Geranium, three years old, by Commodore Belmont and foaled by Bouquet, who is by Woodford's Mambrino.

KANSAS' BRAWNY BOY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Nick McFadden, the champion feather-weight pugilist of Davis county, Kansas, well known in that section as a clever exponent of the manly art.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Professor J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

AMATEUR ATHLETES.

What the Boys Are Doing as the Autumn Waneth.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" TICKER.

The annual fall games of the Princeton College Athletic Association were held recently at Princeton, N. J. The following is a list of the events, with winners and seconds. First prizes were gold, and second prizes silver medals:

Freshman quarter-mile run—Winner, Cary; time, 58 seconds; second, Barker.

Running high jump—Winner, Hencken, '93, (handicap 3 inches) actual jump, 5 feet 4 inches; second, Post, '93, (handicap 4 inches) actual jump 4 feet 11 inches; Chapin, '90 (scratch), jumped 5 feet 3 inches.

One hundred yard dash—First heat—Winner, Vredenburgh, '92; time, 10¼ seconds. Second heat—Winner, Cary, '93; time, 10⅓ seconds. Third heat—Winner, Dohm, '90; time, 10¼ seconds.

Finals—100 yard dash—Winner, Vredenburgh, '92; time, 10 seconds; second, Cary, '93, two feet behind.

Putting 16-pound shot—Winner, Janeway, '90; distance, 34 feet 1 inch; second, Block, '91 (handicap 1 foot 6 inches), actual put, 33 feet 1 inch.

BREASTING THE TAPE.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Winner, Block, '91 (handicap 10 feet), actual throw, 74 feet 6 inches; second, Janeway, '90, throw 73 feet 8 inches.

Half-mile run—Winner, Woodbridge, '93 (10 yards handicap); time 2 minutes 9 seconds; second, Crane, '91.

Running broad jump—Winner, Post, '93 (handicap 3 feet), actual jump, 18 feet 6⅛ inches; second, Hill, '90 (handicap 2 feet), actual jump, 19 feet 5 inches; Dohm, '79 (scratch), jumped 20 feet 2 inches.

Freshman mile run—Winner, Turner; time, 6 minutes 41 seconds. Second, Woodbridge, 1 yard behind.

Two hundred-and-twenty-yard dash—Winner, Dohm; time, 24 seconds. Second, Vredenburgh.

Tug-of-war—Won by '93 by default, Team—Granger, anchor; Wierts, Davis, Black.

One-hundred and-ten-yard football race (run by men in football clothes)—Winner, Ames, '90; time, 13 seconds. Second, Janeway, '90.

The inter-company contests of the Third Regiment Athletic Association will take place Saturday evening, Nov. 30, at Armory, Broad and Wharton streets. The contests will include running, walking, vaulting, jumping, sparring, putting shots, potato match, etc., ending with a grand tug-of war between the companies for a valuable trophy.

The following are the events and winners of Harvard College athletic games, held recently at Boston:

One-hundred-yard dash, two trial heats—Winners, W.

A SPILL AT THE HURDLE.

S. Saltonstall, '93; O. K. Hawes, '92. Final heat won by Saltonstall in 10 1-2 seconds.

Two-mile bicycle race—Won by J. E. Tweedy, '93; time, 6 minutes 4¾ seconds.

One-mile walk—C. T. R. Bates, '92, won in 7 minutes 7 2-5 seconds.

Putting the shot—W. H. Shea, '92; distance, 34 feet 6⅛ inches.

Running high jump—Won by R. G. Leavitt, L. S., 5 feet 7 1-10 inches.

Four-hundred and-forty-yard dash—T. J. Stead, '91. Time, 52 2 5 seconds.

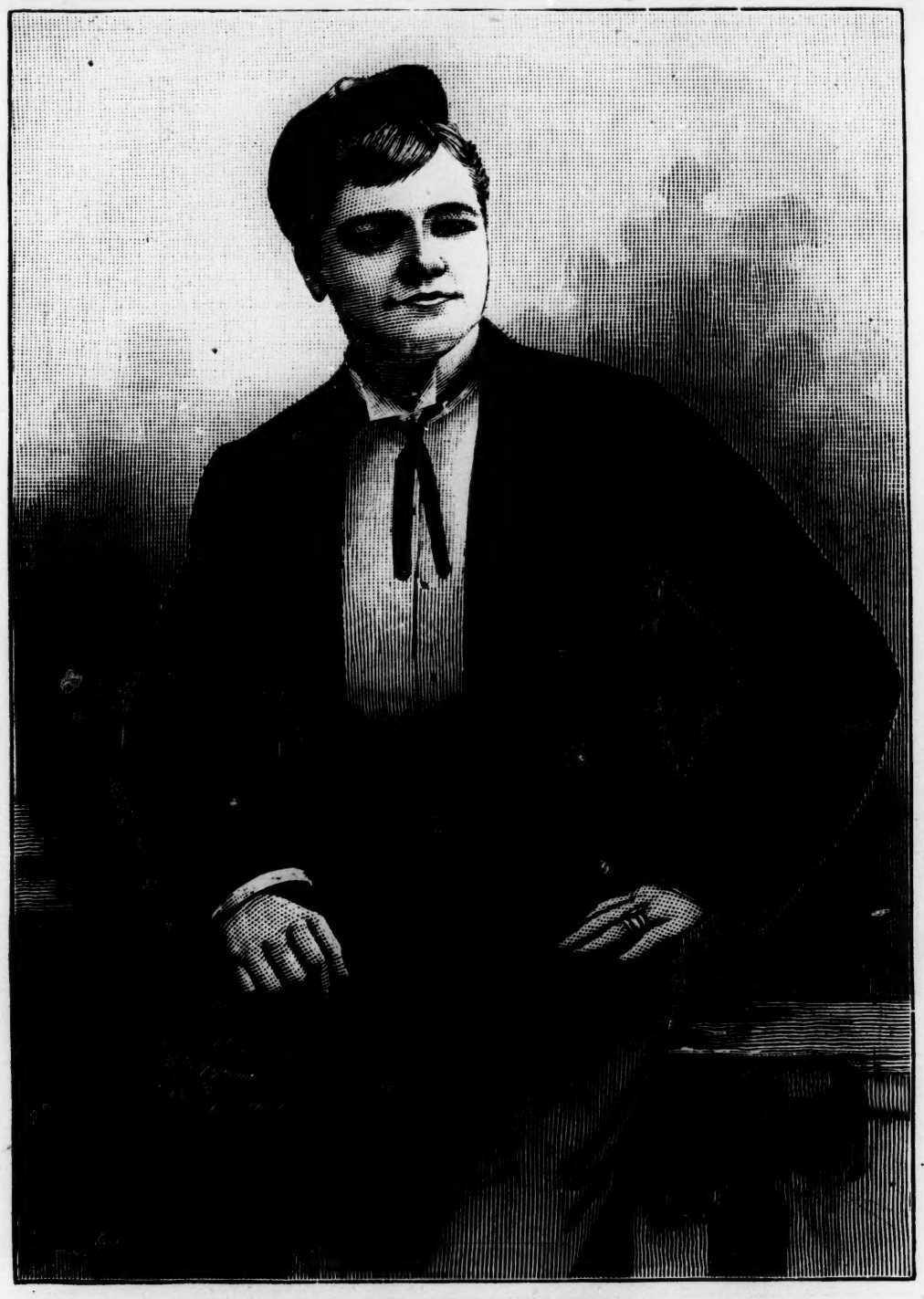
One-mile run—G. Collimore, '93, 4 minutes 39 seconds, in 6 minutes 14⅕ seconds.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash, two trial heats—Won by S. Saltonstall, '93, and J. S. Cook, '92; final heat J. S. Cook, 23 3-5 seconds.

Throwing the hammer—W. H. Shea, '92; distance, 85 feet 3¼ inches.

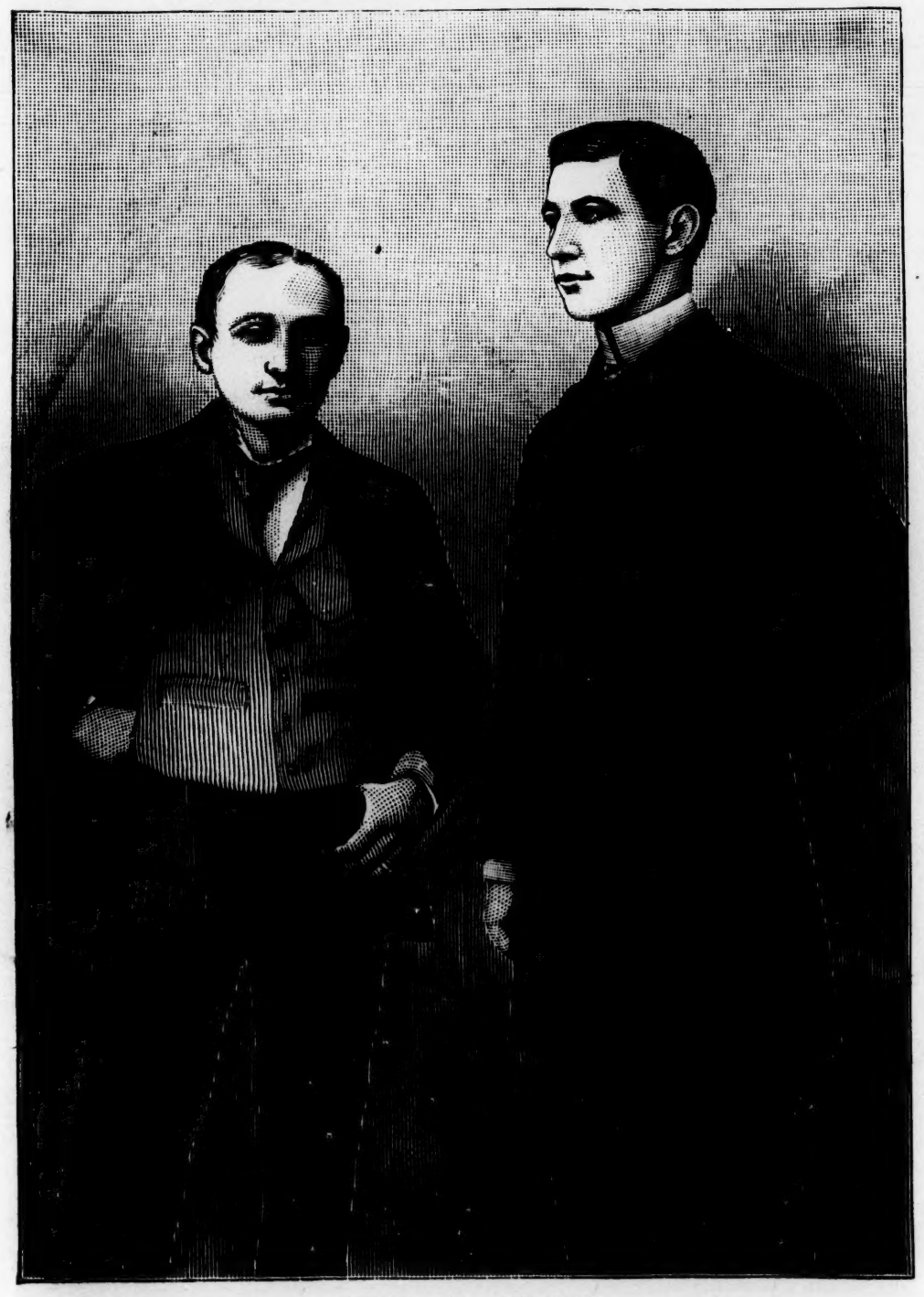
Eight hundred and eighty yards dash—J. L. Batchellor, '92, 2 minutes 54 1-5 seconds.

Running broad jump—F. Mason, '91; distance, 19 feet 4 inches. All the events were handicaps.



BOUNCING BESSIE BONEHILL,

A FAMOUS LONDON MUSIC HALL MALE IMPERSONATOR WHO IS NOW DELIGHTING LARGE AUDIENCES AT TONY PASTOR'S.



WOOD AND SHEPARD.

A MUSICAL COMEDY TEAM OF GREAT TALENT THAT HAS A BIG PULL AND MANY INSTRUMENTS.

A NOTED VARIETY ACTOR.

JAMES F. LEONARD, FORMERLY OF THIS CITY, BUT NOW OF HARTFORD, CONN., WHO IS WELL UP IN HIS LINE OF BUSINESS.

WHAT OHIO COFFIN VARNISH DID.

IT BRINGS OUT THE FUN IN THE MAYOR OF LONDON, THAT STATE, AND HE TURNS THE JAIL LOOSE.

DETERMINED TO DIE.

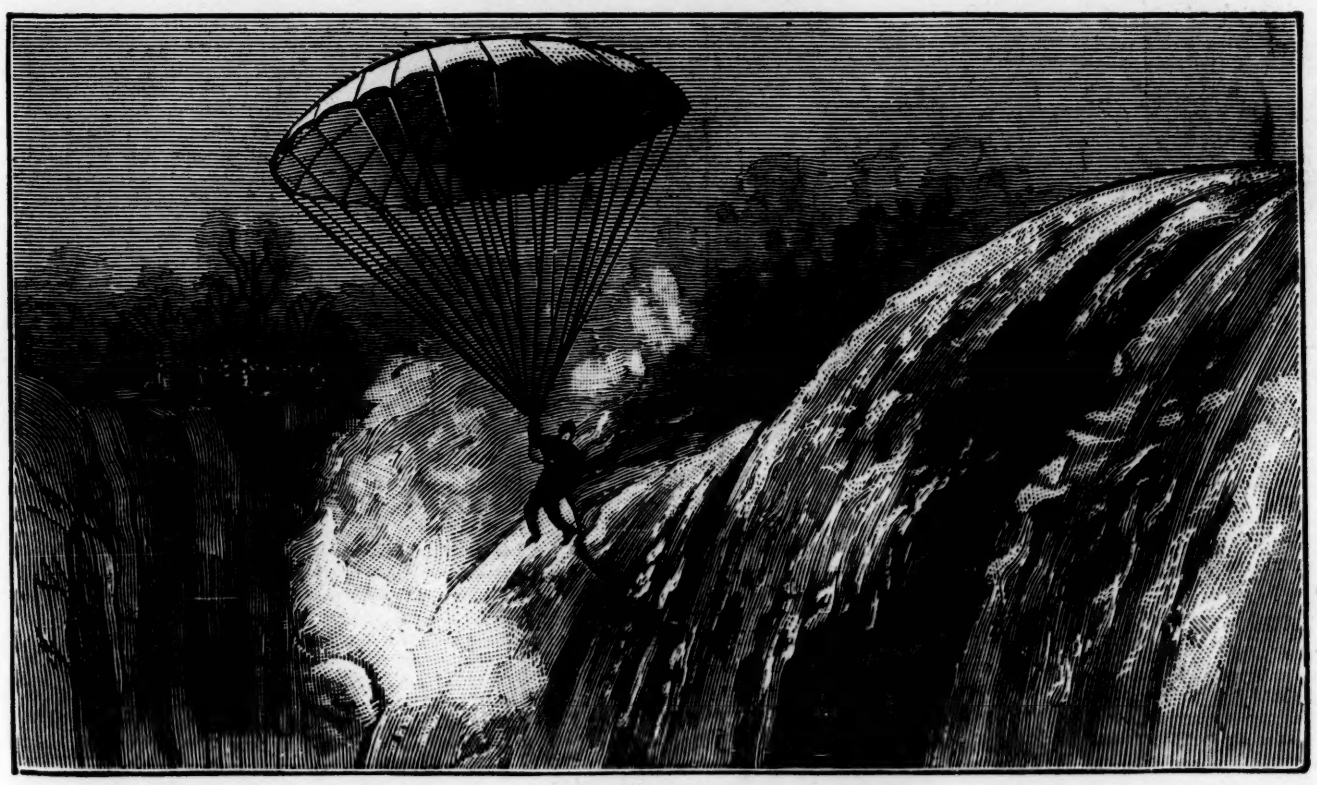
JOHN ARMBRUSTER, OF GRAFTON, W. VA., TOOK POISON, TRIED TO CUT HIS THROAT AND THEN JUMPED FROM THE ROOF OF A HOUSE.

COOKED TO DEATH.

FIVE SOULS CROWDED OUT AND THREE PERSONS SEVERELY BURNED BY A RUSH OF MOLTEN IRON IN THE COLEBROOK FURNACE, LEBANON, PA.

AMATEUR POLITICIANS.

WAYWARD MASSACHUSETTS BOYS WHO TRIED TO CARRY THE STATE AWAY BUT FINALLY SUCCUMBED TO THE WHIMS OF BAD POLICEMEN.

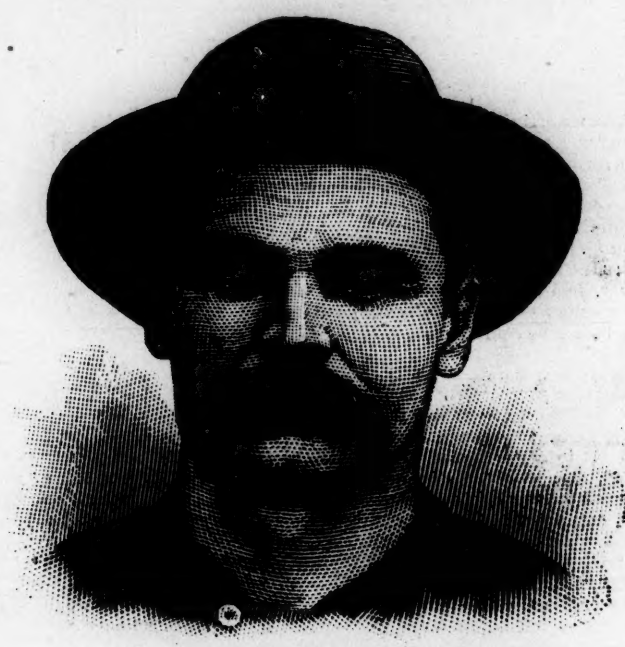


A SUCCESSFUL TRIP.

WILLIAM LELAND, OF BUFFALO, N. Y., TAKES A PLEASURABLE DIVE OVER THE HORSESHOE FALLS AND STILL LIVES TO BE WRITTEN UP.

DETECTIVE AND HIGHWAYMAN.

HENRY L. FICK, OF AUBURN, CALIFORNIA, WHO CAPTURED HENRY WILLIAMSON, ALLEGED STAGE ROBBER.



IS THIS THE HIGHWAYMAN?

HENRY WILLIAMSON, CAPTURED BY DETECTIVE FICK FOR BEING TOO FOND OF OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

COL. WILLIAM C. GOODLOE,

WHO DIED FROM THE EFFECTS OF HIS WOUNDS OBTAINED IN HIS FIGHT WITH COL. SWOPE.

COL. ORMSTEAD SWOPE.

WHO WAS KILLED RECENTLY BY COL. GOODLOE IN THE LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, POST-OFFICE.

GUSHING GIRLIES.

What Awful Rows They Created Last Week.

THEY SHOULD BE ASHAMED

To Carry on in This Way With Innocent Men,

AND BREAK THEM ALL UP.

If These Things Continue We'll Have to Roost High

OR SCOOT FOR THE WOODS.

The week just deceased was prolific of romantic incidents, and the fellows raised merry thunder with the girls, and the girls kept their ends up in getting square with the boys. Cincinnati loomed up with a case of attempted wife murder which didn't succeed. John Houghton thought he was giving his wife bedbug poison, but he managed to get the wrong bottle, and after the good lady, who was being treated for bilious fever, had herself almost spoiled with a stomach-pump she was made almost as good as new. John lit out before he could be nailed.

BETHLEHEM, PA., SHOUTS.

L. R. Ritter, of the firm of Ritter & Albright, livery stable keepers of South Bethlehem, Pa., recently sold out his interest in the business to his partner for $2,000, and with the money and Mrs. Emma Botts skipped the town. Their destination was Chicago, but they only reached Reading when the frisky Emma decided to strike out alone and paddle her own canoe.

Arriving at Reading, Ritter left his companion in a restaurant while he went to a barber shop to have his moustache and goatee shaved off. Before leaving her the woman had him give her $800 to keep until his return. As soon as Ritter left the woman fled to Pottstown, and he notified the police. She was captured there and the money found on her. She asserts that Ritter gave her the money outright as a gift. She was locked up to await a hearing. Ritter in the meantime was bailed by relatives and returned home. Mrs.

MRS. BOTTS CATCHES A SUCKER.

Botts is a handsome woman of fine form. She has always had a shady reputation. Mrs. Ritter is a fine-looking woman also. The couple have three children, and have always lived happily together.

NEW HAVEN'S MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

Giddy youth has once more got tangled up in a matrimonial snarl. It has just leaked out, and is now going the rounds of the society circles, that a romantic and secret marriage took place during the summer in the Catskill Mountains, between the daughter of a well-known Connecticut man and the son of a well-to-do resident of Hudson, N. Y. The young man is now a student in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York city.

The facts as published here set forth that Miss Annie Day, the lovely and accomplished nineteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Edmund Day, a prominent citizen of Ansonia, while in the Catskill Mountains last summer met and became enamored of Mr. Eugene Collier, the young medical student in question. Her friends have been greatly surprised within a few days to learn that the young couple were married last summer while in the mountains. The event seems to have been a fitting sequel to love's young midsummer day's dream.

Miss Day was visiting friends in the mountains early in August and met Mr. Collier. One day the two went down the mountain road to the little village of Catskill and were secretly married. Not one of the friends of the young people knew of it, it being decided by the young couple not to make it known, and to be married again publicly at some future time. The hasty tying of the nuptial knot took place only after long and earnest solicitation of the young lover, he claiming to fear that Miss Day would fall in love with some one else upon her return to Connecticut.

The couple corresponded steadily after the summer separation came, and sent telegrams back and forth. One day last week, by a mistake, one of the young husband's dispatches was opened and the secret was let out. There was a storm for a time. Then came cooler counsels and the reflection that what had been done could not be undone. Everything has been forgiven and happiness now reigns supreme in Ansonia.

Mrs. Collier was well known in New Haven where she attended a fashionable boarding school some time ago.

WICKED ROSA WIRTZ, OF LIMA, OHIO.

Hardly had the marriage vows cooled upon Rosa Wirtz's lips, in which she promised to obey, love and honor Christian Schumaker, than she was engaged in an intrigue with Hiram Roush. Schumaker, who is a prominent contractor of Lima, Ohio, and Miss Rosa Wirtz, a society belle of the same place, were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock a few days ago. Miss Wirtz has always been a popular young lady, and her character was above reproach. Her union with Mr. Schumaker was considered a most happy one.

Two hours after marriage Mr. Schumaker went up town on business, expecting to be gone several hours. On his return he was horrified to discover Hiram Roush a well-known politician, with his wife. It seems Roush and Miss Wirtz had been lovers for some time before the marriage and that the girl only married Schumaker for his money.

When Schumaker made the discovery a most exciting scene occurred. Seizing a revolver, he made a

SHE WAS TREATED FOR BILIOUS FEVER.

number of ineffectual attempts to shoot his wife's companion, but she stepped in between each time and prevented what probably would have resulted in a fatal affray. Roush barely escaped with his life, and Schumaker at once sued for divorce, two hours after the marriage. The affair is creating a big sensation. All the parties are prominently connected, and it is likely interesting developments will follow.

SPRINGFIELD'S (MO.) PROFESSIONAL BIGAMIST

The next story on the list is from Springfield, Mo. It is how a Mrs. Craig monkeyed old man Craig out of $1,000.

Craig had been looking for a housekeeper, when he struck up against Mrs. Carrie Kanaley, of Chicago. The Springfield man was greatly pleased and impressed with her appearance. She told him she was a divorced woman with a seven-months-old child.

They left for Springfield, where they were married Sept. 23, by the Rev. Mr. Lawrence. Mrs. Craig's first wifely act was to explain to the simple granger that she owed $400, and needed clothing for herself and child. Craig gave her $1,000. She tried to get more, but the old man was taken with a fit of caution. She then bade him good-bye, saying she was going to visit friends in Wisconsin, and would be back in a week. Two weeks passed, and she didn't return. Craig came to Chicago and at her old haunts Carrie was found enjoying a gilt-edged existence on Craig's $1 000.

When Craig reproached her Carrie coolly told him she was married to another man, and if Craig would pay $200 he could have a divorce. She had a lawyer, she said, who advised her just how far she could go with such "suckers" as he was.

Craig says he has learned that the woman makes a

MRS. CRAIG CORRALS A CHUMP.

business of marrying guileless old men from the country, from whom she gets all the money she can, which she divides with confederates.

CONNECTICUT'S LIVELY DEAD MAN.

Fifteen years ago Ambrose A. Osborn was a writing-master in Winsted, Conn. By his profession and other business he accumulated a few thousand dollars. One morning he collected all the ready cash he could lay his hands on and shook the dust of Winsted from his brogans, leaving behind him a wife, several children and numerous creditors to mourn his loss. Shortly before his disappearance he procured a divorce from his wife, and about that time an old mill building was burned down, which excited general comment and raised suspicion, mainly because it was insured and because he collected the insurance and immediately afterward vanished. In time he was given up as dead by those who had known him, and his wife, with her little children, removed to Birmingham, Ct. In the course of events the Probate Court administered upon his estate and appointed a guardian for the minor children, there having been some property left. This property is still in the hands of the guardians of the minors. For some reason no attempt was made at the time to collect from Osborn's estate by his creditors, and the matter has remained substantially as stated above all these years.

About a year ago John F. Simmons, a Winstead pettifogger, learned from a Connecticut man who had been to California that Osborn was alive and residing in California, where he had again married and had a family of a wife and four children, and that he had accumulated some property in the far western town where he dwelt. Simmons then began to search up the old creditors of Osborn in Connecticut, as well as to take steps to make sure of Osborn's identification. He has succeeded beyond his expectations in both cases, and on Thursday he went to Birmingham and garnisheed the sums of money now held for the minor children by the guardian, and he will also take steps to attach the property of Osborn in California. In Connecticut a debt outlaws in six years, providing the debtor remains in the State; if he goes outside the State to reside the debt does not outlaw. Hence Simmons thinks he has a clean case against Osborn's estate, wherever he can find it. If Simmons succeeds in collecting the old bills against Osborn which he has already scraped together, he will reap a rich reward, and receive a good year's pay for his services. The courts, however, will have to pass their judgment upon the matter, for it is not at all likely that the guardians will yield up the moneys intrusted to them without a fight.

ST. LOUIS BRIDES COME HIGH.

According to the following story young brides' stock is above par.

Among the marriage licenses granted in St. Louis recently was one to Jesse Fovell, seventy-nine years old, of Calhoun county, Ill., and Mamie Isdell, twenty-three years old, of St. Louis. The old man is worth about half a million dollars, and lives on a farm in Calhoun county, Ill. His wife died about four months ago. His nephew, Isaac Fovell, lives in St. Louis, and Miss Isdell, beautiful and highly accomplished, but poor, has been a sort of companion and nursery governess in Isaac's family.

About a month ago the uncle visited the nephew, and became smitten with the young girl's charms. He paid court to her, and the affair, according to the story, culminated in a cash offer of $100.000, which was accepted, and the marriage took place recently. The newly married couple went on a bridal tour.

PROVIDENCE'S OLD WOOER.

A romance is the next item on Cupid's bill of fare. It comes from Providence. Three years ago pretty Sarah T. Riley, the belle of Olneyville, was wooed, won and worshipped by Thomas T. Hopkins, a wealthy mill owner who belongs to the 73 year-old class. It appears that the old man's love suddenly cooled. A few days ago Mrs. Hopkins obtained a legal separation from her aged "hubby" from the same judge who three years ago made them husband and wife. The strangest part of the case is that the wife desires no alimony. She is only anxious to get rid of her husband, and thereby hangs a tale. Hopkins became smitten with Sarah one day when he saw her on the way to the mill. Hopkins waited upon her, and marriage followed in the fall of

HOPKINS MEETS THE MILL GIRL.

1887. Hopkins wanted the ceremony to be elaborate, and he employed Justice Matterson, of the Superior Court to tie the knot. In less than a year Sarah began to complain that her aged husband was miserly, and that she did not have as much pocket money as when in the mill. Matters in this respect, pretty Sarah alleged, grew worse instead of better. Her husband had plenty of money, but she could get none of it, so she sued for a divorce absolute, and she wanted no alimony. She considers her aged husband so miserly that he ought to have it. She sought only to obtain her freedom. Before Justice Matterson, the man who married her to Hopkins, she went and told the story of her misery. She was divorced, and her maiden name was restored.

A BUFFALO, N. Y., GAY DECEIVER.

Right on top of this Buffalo, N. Y., comes to the front with a similar case of the opposite gender.

About eighteen months ago James Gair went to Buffalo, N. Y., seeking employment. He went to work for the Lake Shore Railroad Company. He was a handsome young fellow, dressed flashily and had a pleasant way that won him many friends. Three weeks ago he suddenly disappeared, leaving many creditors unsatisfied.

It is now discovered that he had also other reasons. A middle-aged widow living on Lovejoy street had become infatuated with him. He improved the opportunity by first proposing marriage and then borrowing $200. Next he proposed that his *fiancee* buy a house, to

HE BLED THE PRETTY WIDOW.

which she assented, and gave him $500 to do so. Then he skipped. He is believed to be in Scranton, Pa.

Taking one consideration with another, it was a delightfully lively week, and love and passion ran rampant.

TOMMY RATS.

HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The story of how the men employed at the Wheel Works of Kalamazoo, Mich., made things so hot for an objectional foreman that he was finally compelled to resign his position and leave the city, has just reached us. The foreman in question had been in the habit of occupying, one particular seat. The workmen were aware of this, and decided that it was a golden opportunity to "get square" with the gentleman. They procured a pail of slops and general refuse and erected it over the seat in such a way that by pulling a string the whole contents would be emptied upon the one for whom it was intended. The scheme worked admirably, and when the victim had removed the filth from his eyes and face there was a flow of English, as she is spoken, a block long. About the maddest man in Kalamazoo was that foreman. He offered a reward of $100 on the spot to the man who would tell him the name of the man who had "put up the job," but no one accepted the reward. The foreman was carried to his hotel in a horse blanket, the cab drivers of the place refusing to allow him in their vehicles. Next day he resigned.

BLOODTHIRSTY ARIZONA INDIANS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sheriff Reynolds, W. A. Holmes and E. Middleton, while taking eight Apa he Indians and one Mexican to Yuma penitentiary, recently, were killed by their prisoners four miles from Riverside, Arizona. It happened about 5 o'clock, before daylight. The prisoners were walking up a heavy sand wash, and one of them grabbed a pistol from Holmes and shot the whites. The Indians then robbed the killed, took their arms and ammunition and started south. The Mexican convict was captured later. Eugene Middleton, the owner of the stage line, was driving it at the time, and was shot in the right side of the face, the ball coming out near the top of his head. Another shot took effect in his cheek. He walked back to Riverside to give the alarm. At last accounts he was nearly dead.

NEXT WEEK!—THE GREATEST NUMBER EVER ISSUED.—The Grand Annual Holiday Number and Elegant Colored Supplement of John L. Sullivan and his Battles in the Prize Ring; out Wednesday, Nov. 20.

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN. Fully Illustrated. Now ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

THE HOWARD-TURNERS.

Kentuckians Who do Not Dwell in Peace and Harmony.

A WHOLE STATE TIED UP.

The People of Harlan County Determined Upon Extermination.

BULLETS AND DEATH RAMPANT.

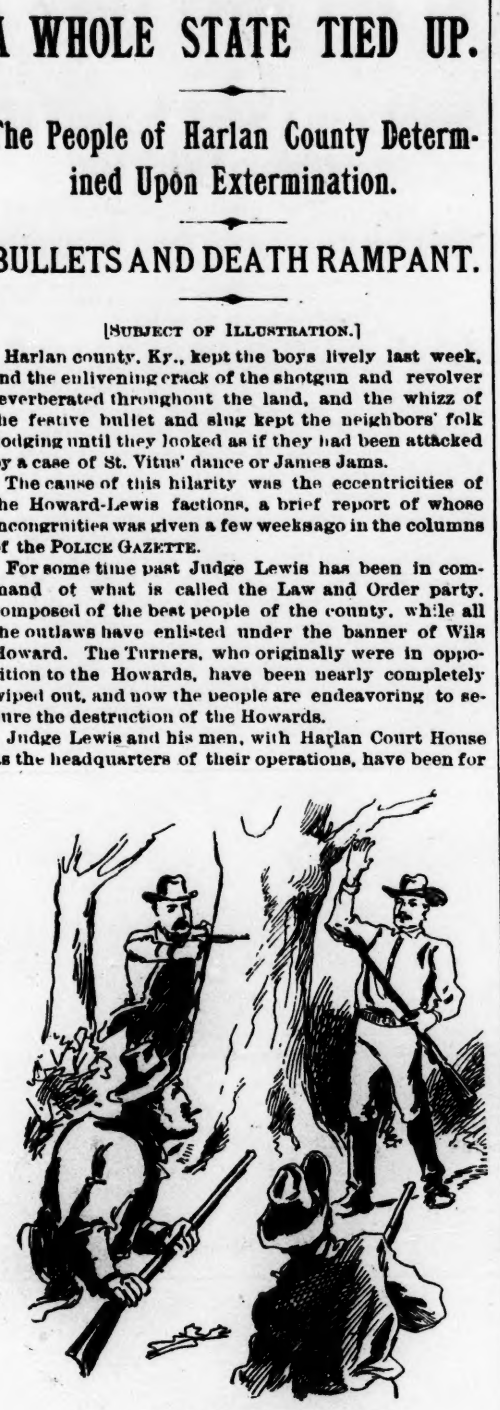
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Harlan county, Ky., kept the boys lively last week, and the enlivening crack of the shotgun and revolver reverberated throughout the land, and the whizz of the festive bullet and slug kept the neighbors' folk dodging until they looked as if they had been attacked by a case of St. Vitus' dance or James Jams.

The cause of this hilarity was the eccentricities of the Howard-Lewis factions, a brief report of whose incongruities was given a few weeks ago in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE.

For some time past Judge Lewis has been in command of what is called the Law and Order party, composed of the best people of the county, while all the outlaws have enlisted under the banner of Wils Howard. The Turners, who originally were in opposition to the Howards, have been nearly completely wiped out, and now the people are endeavoring to secure the destruction of the Howards.

Judge Lewis and his men, with Harlan Court House as the headquarters of their operations, have been for



THE CAPTURE OF JACK.

two weeks making frequent excursions into the wilderness surrounding in search of the Howards. Last week with a large party he inspected the camp of the Howards and their friends, the Jennings, in the mountains, but concluded that it was too strong to attack. He then withdrew without any hostilities and returned to Harlan Court House. There he secured reinforcements and more arms. He thought he was then strong enough to attack Wils Howard and his party and started on a second expedition.

When Judge Lewis left Harlan Court House he had under his command sixty-five determined men thoroughly familiar with the mountains and resolved to kill. Each carried a Winchester repeating rifle and a Colt or Smith & Wesson revolver, and sometimes two revolvers. He marched first to Briarfield Gap, in the Cumberland mountains, twenty-three miles distant from Harlan Court House.

The journey occupied two days. Hence the party descended the Cumberland mountain into Lee county, Virginia. Then they turned and marched up the valley to Sulphur Spring, which is just over the mountains from Martin's Fork. Sulphur Spring is the seat of the largest moonshine distillery in the mountains.

An old man named Longford is the head and king of the mountaineers of that section. Howard and his friends had been in the habit of visiting the distillery, buying liquor and having a carousal there. Judge Lewis learned that the Howards were near the distillery, and he determined to bring on a fight.

Howard had many friends in that section, and they warned him and his men of Judge Lewis's approach. The Howards were collected in the mountains, not far from the distillery. They were frightened by the strength of Judge Lewis's force, and wished to get back into Kentucky, but the road over the mountains was held by Judge Lewis, and their return was cut off. Judge Lewis decided to attempt the surprise of the Howard band in their entrenchment.

Neither he nor his men were familiar with that part of the country, and for some time they were puzzled how to reach the Howards. Three of his men while out scouting captured Jack Sergeant, a Howard partisan. He was taken before Judge Lewis in a camp full of armed men. The Judge offered him his ultimate release if he would pilot him to the Howard intrenchments. Sergeant refused. He was then threatened with death. He refused again, and they began to make preparations for the execution. Sergeant then yielded and offered to guide them. He was told that if he led them into an ambush he would be instantly killed. With Sergeant at their head the party ascended the mountain to Pocket Gap. This was on last Tuesday morning.

Then they cautiously made the descent. Having gone three miles they met a mountaineer. He informed them that Howard and his men were a short distance away, coming in their direction. An ambush was planned, for in the mountains any kind of fighting is considered legitimate. Leaving the path, Judge Lewis and his men passed seventy-five yards to the right until they came to a cave in the side of the mountain. In the mouth of this cave they concealed themselves. Sergeant and the mountaineer were taken with them and kept under guard. The path was in full view. There they awaited the coming of the Howards.

In about fifteen minutes Howard and twenty-five or thirty men came in full view. Half of Lewis's men fired upon them, and in a few moments the other half sent in a volley. Six of Howard's men were killed, their dead bodies being left in the path.

Eleven were wounded, as was afterward learned from people of the neighborhood, but it is not known whether any of the wounded have since died. The names of the killed and wounded have not yet been learned.

As soon as the two volleys were discharged the Howard party broke and ran into the woods. Neither Wils

WILS GETS AWAY.

Howard nor his lieutenant, Jennings, was hurt. With the remnant of their men they escaped by the way of Pocket Gap over the mountains.

Wils Howard, as soon as he was safe, rallied a powerful party of his friends from both the Virginia and Kentucky side. Twenty men from one place joined him. He was also re-enforced by a number of tough characters who are employed in a new railroad crossing the mountain. He also forced into service twelve or fifteen farmers, threatening to kill them if they did not join him and fight for him. With nearly 200 men he returned through the Pocket Gap in search of Judge Lewis. Lewis's scouts warned him of the approach of a party three times his own strength, and he retreated rapidly through the mountains toward Harlan Court House. Howard followed in hot pursuit, and continued the chase almost to Harlan Court House, but could not overtake the fleeing regulators, who arrived at Harlan Court House without the loss of a man.

Howard and his men then withdrew further back into the mountains and nothing has been heard of them since.

The last battle in this seven years' war has increased the death roll to about fifty names. But most of those who died with their boots on fell by assassins' bullets rather than in face to face conflict, and it is significant that the mourning has been almost entirely within the Turner faction. It is only recently that the struggle has become a war of extermination; but such it now is, and no weapon of the law seems adequate to check the slaughter. The reason for this lies in the character of the battlefield and the spirit of the contestants.

The Howard family is much the largest in the county. Half the people in the county bear the name, and they have naturally always been leaders in local affairs. They were the settlers of the county at the very beginning of the century. Samuel Howard, Sr., a Revolutionary soldier, went there and made large surveys in 1800. These included the present town of Harlan Court House. His son, John N. Howard, was the first judge in Harlan county. Another son, Wilkerson Howard, Sr., was the first white child born in the county. John N. Howard donated the ground to the county where the present Court House stands, in 1819. Next year he was appointed Judge, and instructed the first Grand Jury in Harlan county. There was nothing particularly discreditable in the family history until recent years.

The tragedy, which has resulted in wholesale bloodshed, was the killing of Bob Turner by Wicks Howard at Harlan Court House in 1882. The versions of that homicide given by the leaders of the two factions differ widely. Wicks Howard is still one of the leaders of

YOUNG TURNER ASSASSINATED.

his clan, and he wrote out a few days ago this statement of the circumstances of that first tragedy:

"Bob Turner, several others and myself were playing cards. Turner and I had been on a trade for revolvers, and a few unpleasant remarks followed, but all passed off. Turner lay down in the room to take a nap, and another of the crowd named Little thought to play a joke. Little struck a match to light his pipe, and the idea struck him to touch the fire to Turner's head. This woke Turner, and he asked who did it. He was told I did. More hot words passed between us, and I went off and got a musket loaded with fox shot, and returned. In the fight that followed I shot Bob Turner, and his death resulted. I was tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defense. The proof on trial showed that Turner attempted to shoot me first."

On the other hand George B. Turner, the present leader of the opposing faction, thus describes the same event:

"About sunset on March 7, 1882, Robert E. Lee Turner, then 18 years old, walked out from supper, at the Cumberland Hotel, kept by S. C. Howard, in the town of Mt. Pleasant, now called Harlan Court House. Robert boarded there. He was accompanied, when he stepped out of the house, by S. N. French, then county attorney. They had reached the street in front of the hotel and were talking to some friends, when Wilkerson Howard came walking up the street with a musket on his shoulder. It was loaded with slugs, and Howard was considerably under the influence of liquor. He stopped and stood for a moment, then, jerking his gun from his shoulder, without a word of warning, shot Bob. When Bob saw Howard presenting his gun he made an attempt to draw his pistol, and as Howard's shot struck him he had it half drawn. He drew it clear out as he fell. Howard instantly turned and ran down the street.

"Bob raised himself on one hand, and, resting the other on his knees, shot twice at Howard, striking him in the arm. Bob lived two days. James L. Howard, the present sheriff of Harlan county, and a brother of Wilkerson, was with the latter, and, aided by his presence, James L. ran, too, as Wilkerson fired. Wilkerson Howard made his escape from town, and a lot of his friends and relatives gathered around him, armed, and defied the law for a long time."

It was war to the knife between the two families from that time on. Wilkerson Howard, describing the events which followed, says:

"A short time after this Will Turner, Bob's brother, tried to kill me. Will was a bad man. He had been engaged in a war with the Gilbert family and had killed Will Gilbert. He came to my house, four miles below town, on the Cumberland river, walked into the house, pulled his pistol and shot at me without saying a word. My wife and children and mother-in-law and myself were sitting around the fireplace. The bullet intended for me missed its mark, but ploughed its way across my mother-in-law's forehead. The wound was not serious, and she recovered. I jumped up, got my pistol off the bed, where it lay, and Turner and I grappled. In the scuffle both of our pistols were fired several times, and Turner was shot in the arm. Owing to the darkness he succeeded in making his escape. I had several holes in my clothes, but was not hurt. This assault on me and the shooting of my mother-in-law set public opinion against Will Turner, and he went to Texas and remained some time. He returned one Friday evening and the next day Geo. B. Turner, his father, sent us word that his 'bulldog' was back, and for us to come up Monday and fight it out, and to come armed, for if we did not it would not be his

HE SHOT WRONG.

fault, but ours. We were on hand Monday, ready for the fray, about twenty strong. A fight ensued, in which Will Turner was killed. Wilson Howard, or Wils, as he is more familiarly known, was indicted for his murder, but it was not known positively who did the killing. The shot was fired from the old Court House. It was county court day, and a big crowd was in town besides the parties in the fight. After the fight I dropped out of the feud, and Wils Howard took the leadership of the Howards."

In July, 1886, Wilson Howard, by mistake, killed Alexander Bailey, a visitor at George Turner's house. A few days later, for some unexplained reason, he and another shot John S. Bailey, a brother of Alexander. George B. Turner thus describes the killing of the last of his three sons by Wilson Howard:

"Two months ago Wils Howard heard that my son George had gone up on Catron's creek, which empties into Martin's Fork, a mile above Harlan Court House. George was walking. Howard pursued him, stopping citizens and taking their horses from them, in order that he might have fresh mounts and travel faster. He came in sight of George while the latter was kneeling, drinking from a spring, and shot him dead without warning."

The killing of George Turner two months ago by Wils Howard was in revenge for an attempt which George had made to aid a Missouri detective, who sought to arrest Wils for four or five murders which he had committed in that State within a year. On the commission of the last crime, County Judge Lewis determined to capture and punish Wils, if possible. He took a posse of nine men and started after him. They located him near Si Spurlock's house, fourteen miles from town. When they reached a point where they could view what was going on they saw Wils had backers with him. Si Spurlock and others were playing cards, and Wils was off about 50 yards.

John Turner, one of the posse, and a brother of Bob, "Bony" Will and "Little George" wanted to kill Wils, thinking that would end all the trouble, and at the same time avenge the death of his three brothers. None of the posse had then seen Wils, and Turner mistook Bird Spurlock, a nephew of Si's, for Wils. The resemblance between Bird and Wils was so striking that the mistake was frequently made by close acquaintances. Turner crept forward until within easy range, took good aim, and fired. The big ball tore away nearly all the back of Bird's neck, and he fell, apparently dead. He afterward recovered. Turner then ran back toward the posse, and they, thinking, too, that Wils was killed, retreated.

Wils and his men followed, and the two parties encountered each other in a dry river bottom. A fusil-

IN THE HOWARD CABIN.

lade was turned on their enemies by each side, and then the posse, which was outnumbered, scattered and sought safety singly. Wils' men pursued. In the first fire and running fight Bob Craig was killed. George Hall, a relative of the man killed by Wils Howard's party along with John Cawood, ten days ago, was shot in several places, but finally recovered. Lincoln Shackelford was dangerously, and William Meredith less seriously wounded. These were all members of the posse. Howard's party escaped with but slight wounds by one or two.

NEXT WEEK!—Do not forget to tell your news agent to save you a copy of the Annual Holiday Number of the POLICE GAZETTE, No. 638, out Nov. 20, with which is presented an Elegant Colored Supplement of John L. Sullivan and his Battles in the Prize Ring.

A SUCCESSFUL TRIP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William Leland of Buffalo, N. Y., went over the Niagara Horseshoe Falls on Nov. 3, with the aid of a cork life preserver and a parachute. The parachute is an invention of his own. At 5:55 Leland, dressed in black tights, started for the centre of the stream in a canvas boat. Before starting Leland had strapped on his life preserver and placed the parachute in the boat. By the pressure of a spring the parachute is made to expand. At 6:10 Leland was at the brink of the Falls, standing up he opened the parachute, and, as the boat was about to topple over, jumped straight out from the falling water. A strong wind that was blowing caught the parachute and carried Leland about 150 feet before he landed in the water. He then swam to the shore, where Messrs. Steward and Bell put warm clothes on the swimmer. Leland was in no way injured by his swim. The trip was the result of a wager between Messrs. Clark and Steward and Bell and Trye. Clark and Steward bet $1,000 that Leland could not go over the falls and live. Bell and Trye were of the opposite opinion. Leland received $500 and expenses.

A BOSTON FEATHER-WEIGHT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

M. H. Collins, the amateur feather-weight, of Boston, has for some time past been acting as steward of the Gymnasium Club, of that city. Collins was born in Dublin twenty-one years ago. He stands 5 feet 4¼ inches, and weighs 115 pounds when in fighting condition. His first battle was on April 3, 1886, when he defeated Geo. Smith, with small gloves, in two rounds. A month later he knocked out J. Cunningham and Dan Murphy in the same night. Since then he has figured in numerous fights. Some time ago he issued a challenge to fight any amateur 115-pound fighter in New England, the fight to be governed by "Police Gazette" rules. He received no answer to this challenge. We present his portrait to our readers this week.

WHAT OHIO COFFIN VARNISH DID.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The village of London, twenty miles west of Columbus, Ohio, is all excitement over the disgraceful action of Mayor William Hamilton. A few days ago the Mayor went off on a howling drunk, and after being considerably used up by another inebriate named Nash in a fight, proceeded to the city prison, threw open the doors, and liberated a number of prisoners held for minor offences. A special meeting of the City Council of London was held to impeach Mayor Hamilton. Hamilton has been mayor of London for about six years, but his administration during the past two years has been very unsatisfactory to the better element, and the citizens talk of impeaching him.

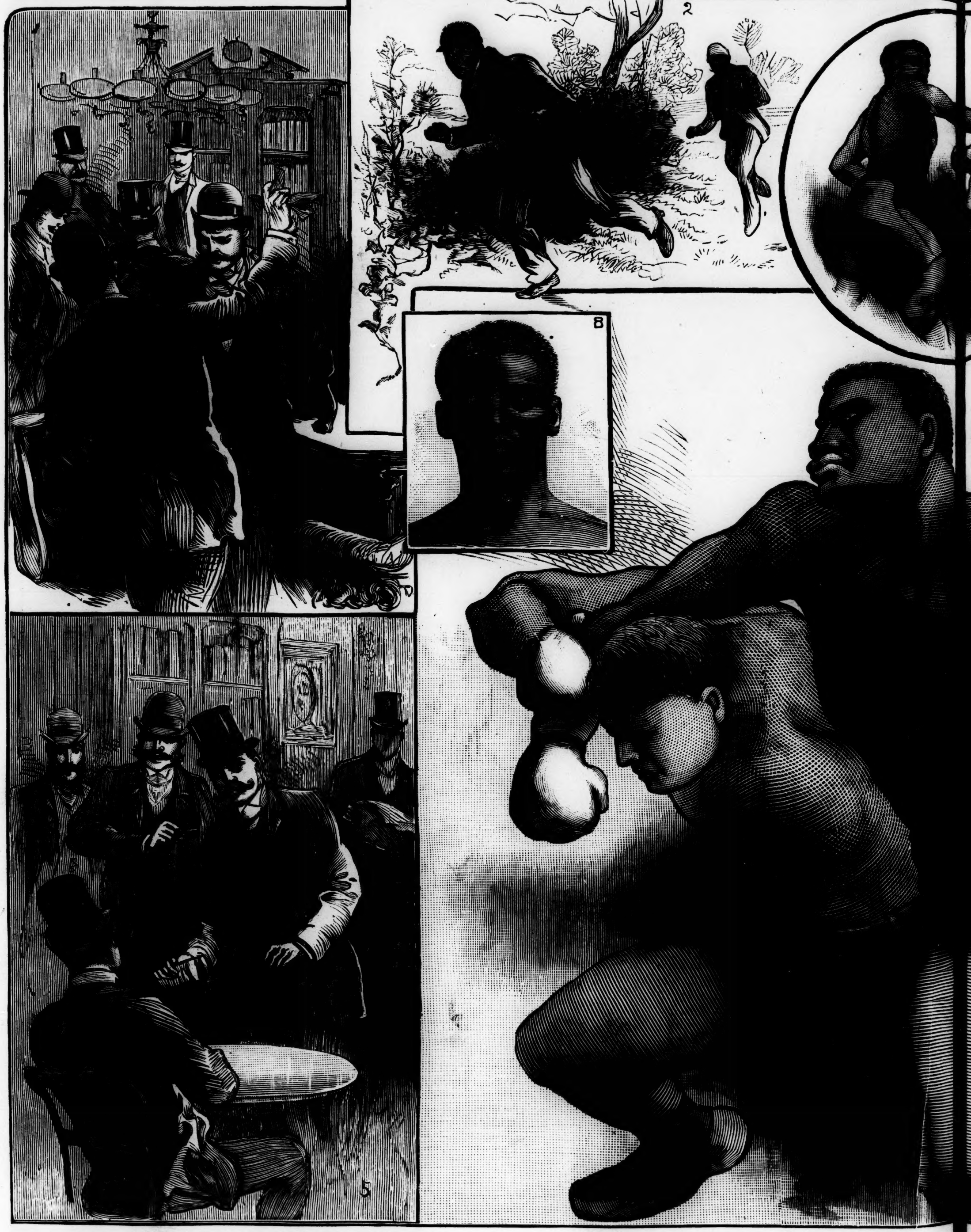
LUCKY CHENEY.

Mr. D. H. Cheney, the popular vender of fresh meats and vegetables, is holding a very quiet reception to-day. He drew $15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery yesterday and a *Times* reporter called on him to see if it had affected the price of dressed turkeys. Fearing some practical joker was working Mr. Cheney, the reporter investigated and found it straight goods. The Western Union vouches for 63,826 as the number winning the capital prize, and Mr. Cheney's twentieth ticket, backed up by a congratulatory telegram from New Orleans, shows for itself. The capital prize is $300,000, hence Mr. Cheney's share will be $15,000. He takes it very coolly and will continue business at the old stand.—*Fort Smith* (Ark.) *Times*, Oct. 16.

Made Comfortable.

In order to finish up the question of Mr. Cheney's good luck, we dropped in at his place of business, 409 Garrison avenue, this morning. "Yes," said Mr. Cheney, gently, "the suspense is over and the money is mine," pulling out his bank book and exhibiting the credit. "It is no matter now," he continued, "who the joke is on, it is not on me, and I shall keep right on as I have been doing before, selling good meat as low as anybody and giving just what I sell. I have drawn $15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery on a ticket that cost me just one dollar, and I have the money in the Merchants' Bank."—*Fort Smith* (Ark.) *Times*, Oct. 22.

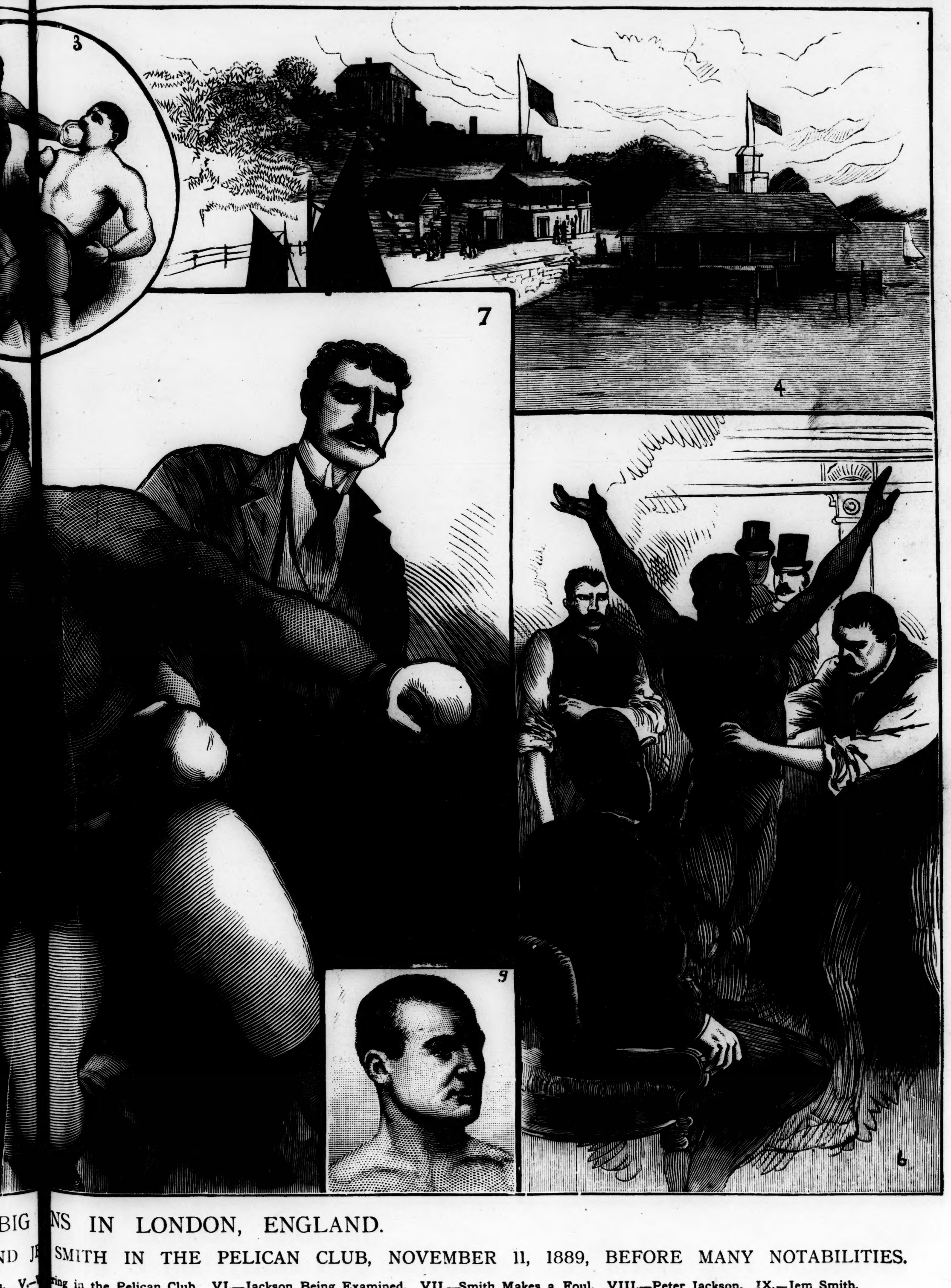
FIVE VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cockers' Guide," "Dog Pit," "Police Gazette Card Player," "Bartenders' Guide," and "Boxing, and How to Train"—all copiously illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



THE BATTLE OF THE BIG

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE FIGHT BETWEEN PETER JACKSON AND JE

I.—Betting in the Victoria Club II.—Smith Exercising. III.—Jackson Gets in a Hot One. IV.—Smith's Training Quarters. V.—



BIG NS IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

ND JE SMITH IN THE PELICAN CLUB, NOVEMBER 11, 1889, BEFORE MANY NOTABILITIES.

3. V.- ring in the Pelican Club. VI.—Jackson Being Examined. VII.—Smith Makes a Foul. VIII.—Peter Jackson. IX.—Jem Smith.

OUR COLLEGE BOYS.

Columbia, Princeton, Yale, Crescent and Deaf Mutes Play Football.

BIG, BRAWNY BOYS AT PLAY.

Phew!

Didn't the college boys whoop things up on Election Day.

They meandered over nearly every vacant spot in the country and kicked the stuffing out of the rotund football until it had a pain.

The rush-backs, and the quarter-backs, and the narrow-backs,

A CRANBERRY PIE FACE.

and the 'way backs, those nimble footed gentlemen, who, when they're not mashing the rubber spheroid are mashing the girls in the audience, whooped things up lively and covered themselves with glory and dust, and gore, until they were so happy that their girls could feel their hearts go pit-a-pat long after they had gone home together, the glims had been doused, and the old man was snoring fresh scuttle holes in the roof.

What a galaxy of beauty there was in the grand stands!

Oh, my! Oh, my!

There were lit tle stumpy girls, bursting with voluptuousness from their eyelashes to their little tootsy-wootsies; there were long, sixteen-button girls, who were so thin that they almost cut their corset strings when they took a long breath; there were brunes and blondies; there were cherry lipped, rosy cheeked suspender bursting, suicide inducing, palpitating, pulsating giddies, accompanied by their brothers and the neighbors' boys. And what a time they had!

Up at the Berkeley Oval our own Columbia monkeyed with McCosh's boys from Princeton, and after the game our own Columbia lugged home a goose egg. The Princetonians had dead loads of fun with Columbia and kicked them all over the field.

One of the biggest crowds of the season witnessed the orange and black do the other fellows up, and no lovelier day could have been had for the sport.

WASN'T HE AWFUL?

The game began at three o'clock with the following named fellows on the field:

PRINCETON.	POSITIONS.	COLUMBIA.
Warren	Right end	Sandler.
Casement	Right tackle	Erskine.
Riggs	Right guard	Hazen.
Symmes	Centre rush	Gildersleeve.
Janeway	Left guard	Tuttle.
Cowan	Left tackle	Cairns.
Donnelly	Left end	Metcalfe.
Poe (Captain)	Quarter back	Barnard.
Beach, Channing	Half backs	Hewlett (Captain), Dilworth.
Ames	Full back	Culver.

Tracey Harris, Princeton, '86, acted as umpire, and C. L. Bird, Princeton, '85, as referee.

Wagenhurst, the famous Princeton rusher, had been adjudged a professional by the Advisory Committee, and so "Wag" had to take a back seat and give Casement a show.

It was a glorious game, and Ames, Cowan, Beach, Culver, Riggs, Donnelly, Dilworth, Channing and the rest of the fellows distinguished themselves and gained new laurels for their manly brows.

When Princeton had scored 41 time was nearly up, and Columbia was downhearted, and the spectators were treated to a little diversion. As Culver was about to kick the ball he was slapped in the face by Riggs, who was trying to tackle him. For a while it looked as if there was going to be war. The grand stand raised a yell, but the boys didn't have time to stop. Culver got the wind knocked out of him in a tackle just as time was called. He was carried into the club house, but came to in time to play the second half.

By agreement the last half was to stop at 4:45, and Columbia went in with desperation to do their best to save themselves from a goose egg. It took Channing just five minutes to make a touch down for Princeton. Ames kicked a goal, making the score 47.

The ball was in place again, and this time Cowan made a pretty dash for Columbia's goal, dodging a dozen men, and made a touch-down in 3 minutes. The score went up to 55, no goal having been kicked. Another touch-down by Cowan a few minutes later made the score 55. Ames failed to make a goal again. The Columbia men again showed their inability to tackle Princeton when Ames made a touch-down after a thirty-yard run, dodging a half dozen men who had their hands on him. A goal was kicked, making the score 61.

For a few minutes at a time Columbia would succeed in holding her ground, but toward the last failed to gain an inch on her opponents. The half was wound up by two goals kicked from the field by Ames, which left the score 71 to nothing.

Over on the Washington Park Baseball grounds, Brooklyn, the selfsame scene as depicted in the first stanza of this election day hymn, and while the politicians were downing their opponents at the polls the boys from Yale were doing the same thing with the Crescents, of Brooklyn.

Four thousand football enthusiasts witnessed this game, and excitement reigned supreme.

There was a nipping and an eager air abroad; "just the day for a game," as all agreed. There were hopes that the Crescents would come out on top, as Yale was visibly weak and the Crescents had Beecher, Terry and Bull on their side.

This was the make-up of the contending elevens:

CRESCENT.	POSITION.	YALE.
J. Vernon	Left end	Stagg.
F Vernon	Left tackle	Gill (captain).
Chapman	Left guard	Heffelfinger.
Ford (captain)	Centre	Hanson.
H La Marche	Right guard	Newell.
Brown	Right tackle	Rhodes.
P La Marche	Right end	Hartwell.
Beecher	Quarter back	Graves.
Terry, Edwards	Half backs	Morrison, McClung.
Bull	Full back	McBride.

Sheldon, of Cornell, was umpire, and George D. Beattys referee.

The first part of the game was well contested, but finally the Crescents, evidently sympathizing with the Columbias across the river, also lugged home a goose egg, the score being 18 to 0.

Taking everything into consideration, the game was one of the most exciting and goriest on record, and the grassy field was literally incarnadined by the enthusiastic kickers. Early in the game McBride had returned the ball and it was taken into camp by Bull, who made up his mind to become a Bull-rusher with it. Two of the Yale rushers grabbed him and down he went. In less time than it takes to tell it about half of the Yale fellows were on top of him and it was impossible to tell which was Yale and which Crescent. When the hidden Crescent man showed up he bled like the legendary bull and his face was a mass of cuts and bruises. Physicians ran to his assistance and he was soon plastered up as good as new. A few moments later he was down again, but he again came up smiling.

Innumerable other scrimmages took place during the game, and finally the ground smelled like a drug store and the boys' faces resembled cranberry pies.

I'LL SLAP YOU!

Still the girls enjoyed it and showered praises upon the sturdy contestants.

Up at the Polo Grounds the New York and American Athletic clubs had a run-in with the following teams:

AMERICAN A. C.	POSITION.	NEW YORK A. C.
J. Oppenheimer	Left end	
Cameron	Left tackle	Littaner
Mainlock	Left guard	Thornton
S Levien	Centre	Hausling
Dieges	Right guard	Whyland
Arthur	Right tackle	Laidlaw
Kendall	Right end	Cunningham
L Levien	Quarter back	Allen
L. Oppenheimer	Half back	Schlessinger
Bucher	Half back	Coster
	Full back	

Two half hours were played. New York made four touchdowns in the first half and two in the second half.

The Americans finally lugged home the historical goose egg, thus keeping the Columbias and the Crescents from feeling lonesome.

One of the quietest games on record—indeed *the* quietest game—was played on the grounds at Eleventh avenue and 169th street. Not a word was spoken during the whole game by the contestants.

Among the reasons for this absence of wordy warfare was the fact that the teams were members of the graduated and present classes of the New York Institution for Deaf Mutes.

These sturdy fellows comprised the teams:

VETS.	POSITIONS.	ACTIVES.
W. McVea	Centre Rush	F. Fox.
A. McDonald	Right guard	J. Hanson.
C. Thompson	Left guard	H. Tweed.
J Brockman	Right tackle	K Watson.
P. Rosencker	Left tackle	M. Dennison.
P. Reddington	Right end	O. Maynard.
H. Hanneman	Left end	G. Hamm.
B. Gallagher	Quarter back	P. Gateley.
J. Koffer	Right half back	R. Kiesewetter.
Ira Tyler	Left half back	M. Connell.
M. Kohler	Full back	W. Bowers.

After about two hours of the liveliest kind of hustling, in

COLLEGE BOYS IN LUCK.

which the present scholars had by far the best of it, the referee, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, awarded them the game.

The Vets finally kept company with the Columbias Crescents and Americans by taking the goose egg home with them, the score being 36 to 0.

As a result of these games half of the college boys are wearing boxing gloves all over their bodies, and the other half can't sit down on anything harder than a girl's lap.

'Snice to be a college boy, 'sn't it? QUEVEDO.

NEXT WEEK!—A Magnificent Colored Supplement. Subject: John L Sullivan and all his Battles in the Prize Ring, will be given away with POLICE GAZETTE, No. 638, out Wednesday, Nov. 20.

GLEEFUL ATHLETES.

The Police Gazette Fiend Goes Around the Country and

TELLS WHAT HE THINKS HE KNOWS.

Jack Boyd defeated Joe Finley in 6 rounds, 23 minutes, for a purse, at Newark, N. J, Oct. 31. Both pugilists are light-weights.

A. B. George defeated J. C. Devereux running half a mile at Manhattan Club grounds, New York city, Oct. 31, in 2 minutes 2 3-5 seconds.

In the wrestling match at Paris on November 1 Pietro, the French champion, threw Cannon in the last bout after a struggle of five minutes.

Prof. Harry Umlah opened his boxing academy, 254 Fifth avenue, New York city, on Nov. 7. It is well fitted up and Prof. Umlah has a large class of pupils.

Mike Daly has accepted Jack McAuliffe's offer to spar fifteen rounds in Boston for a $1,000 purse. Daly has also stated that he will go to San Francisco and fight any light weight in the country to a finish.

Joe Darby, the champion jumper of the world, jumped 11 feet 3½ inches in one standing jump, and 25 feet 11 inches in two jumps, at Ashton-on-Tyne, England, on Oct. 24, beating the best records in both events.

James Ten Eyck, of Peekskill, N. Y., the well-known oarsman, defeated Harry Vail, of Canada, rowing three miles at Philadelphia on November 2. Ten Eyck completed the distance in 20 minutes and 15 seconds, the best time ever made over the course.

On Nov. 5 Eddie Donnelly, of Coney Island, and Pete Mace, of this city, met in a barn near Scotch Plains, N. J., and fought without gloves for a purse of $50. The mill lasted only 3 rounds, and was won by Mace, who knocked his man out by a left-hand blow on the jaw.

Chas. F. Byton of Australia and James Faulkner wrestled for $500 and 75 per cent. of the gate money, catch-as-catch-can, "Police Gazette" rules, at Tacoma, Washington Territory, on Oct. 18. Faulkner won both falls, the first in 9 minutes and the second in 13 minutes.

Johnny Reagan has returned from his trip to the country and is still suffering from malaria. Reagan called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Nov. 7 and desired to return thanks to Thomas Martin of Newburgh, N. Y., and Ed. Dillon of Fishkill, N. Y., for courtesies received.

On Oct. 31 the one-mile handicap run for the $1,000 French Challenge Cup was run at Travers Island, and resulted in a victory for E. C. Carter, who started from scratch. L. B. Sharp, who had 50 yards' handicap, was second. There were ten starters, and Carter's time was 4 minutes 43 seconds.

Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, who is in England man-aging Peter Jackson, the celebrated colored pugilist, has made a legion of friends since his arrival in England by his courteous and urbane manner. Davies has been called the Cicero of the ring, probably from his orations made when introducing the great colored pugilist.

Recently a prize fight took place at McKee's Rocks, Pa., between George Gillen, of Mansfield, Pa., and Jack Hayes, of Pittsburg, for a purse of $100 and the gate receipts, amounting to $200. In the fifth round Gillen got in a swinging right-hander under Hayes' ear, dropping him with such force that he could not respond when time was called.

The long-pending mill between Jim Daly of Phila-delphia and Bill Gabig of Pittsburg was fought at Fishkill, N Y., on Nov. 5. Gabig weighed 192 pounds; Daly, 180 pounds. The conditions were "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of $600. Eleven rounds were fought, when Daly knocked Gabig senseless, after a desperate battle which lasted 43 minutes. Daly was seconded by Steve Brodie and Tommy Campbell. Gabig was looked after by Wm. Kenney and Dr. Valette, both of Philadelphia.

The following special was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

TACOMA, W. T., Nov. 9.

Chas. F. Byton, the champion wrestler of this place, has issued a challenge to wrestle James Faulkner, the English champion middle-weight wrestler, the best three in five styles, for $2,000 a side. He agrees to have the POLICE GAZETTE hold stakes and name referee. Byton was recently beaten by Faulkner in a catch-as-catch-can match for $500, but it was his first trial at the English style. Byton is undoubtedly a good wrestler and shown himself to be a wonder for one of his years, having not yet reached his twenty-first year, and he has backing here in a mixed match for any amount.

A slashing mill was fought on Nov. 2 between Billy Whyard and Jim Connor. The men were evenly matched in weight and something less than 133 pounds, but Connor, who stood 5 feet 7 inches high, had the advantage of an inch in height, and considerable in the matter of reach. It is said that Whyard had never fought for money. Whyard's seconds were his teacher, Jim Healey, of Buffalo, and Billy Gonzales, of Fulton Market. Charley Crawford and Tommy Link seconded Connor. Eddie Hanley was chosen referee. Ten slashing rounds were fought, and in the last round Connor made a desperate effort to win. He banged Whyard on the nose with his left and was preparing to repeat the dose when the marketman got in fine range and caught the Maine man full on the ear, tumbling him to the floor and putting him to sleep. A liberal purse was made up for the defeated man, Whyard chipping in $5. It was a first-rate fight from start to finish.

Mr. A. J. Cassatt's racing stable was sold at auc-tion in this city recently. The following are the best known horses sold, the prices they brought and their new owners:

Now or Never, brown colt, 4, by Stratford—Bye-and-Bye; O B. McStay	$5,400
Madstone, brown colt, 3, by Vanderbilt—Nina Turner; I. H. Dahlman	5,000
Taragon, chestnut colt, 4, by Stratford—Tara; G. B. Morris	4,700
Phœnix, bay colt, 2, by Mr. Pickwick—Bonnie Wood; W. Lakeland	4,600
Eric, bay colt, 3, by Duke of Magenta—Second Hand; G. B. Morris	4,400
Eole, chestnut colt, 4, by Eolus—War Song; W. Gavil	1,750
Marauder, chestnut colt, 4, by Rayon d'Or—Mandina; Charles Boyle	1,550
Eurocydon, brown gelding, 2, by Eolus—Majestic; W. McMahon	1,350
The Abbess, brown filly, 2, by Mortemer—Hildegarde; P. Nolan	750
Equality, chestnut filly, 3, by Ben d'Or—Equipoise; C. Miller	700
The Tartar, brown gelding, 3, by Stratford—Tara; W. Gavil	400
Foxhill, bay gelding, 2, by Duke of Magenta—Blossom; P. A. Cuenlne	360
Total	$30,960
Average per head	2,580

We have received the following dispatch from San Francisco:

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 9, 1889.

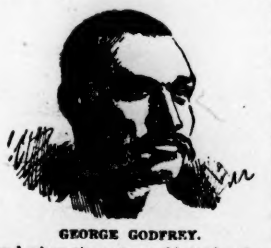
Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, who recently fought George Le Blanche, has accepted the challenge issued by Young Mitchell to fight for a purse of $3,000 in the California Athletic Club, or for $2,500 a side. The admirers of both pugilists here believe that a match will be ratified. Dempsey is eager to redeem his laurels lost by his defeat by Le Blanche, while Young Mitchell is eager to win the "Police Gazette" belt and middle-weight championship of the world, and retire. Several of the directors of the California Athletic Club appear willing to put up a purse for Dempsey and Young Mitchell.

[NOTE—Should Young Mitchell and Dempsey agree to meet in the ring they will not battle for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, for that trophy is not now open for competition, but is Jack Dempsey's personal property, he having won it fairly by his prowess in the prize ring.]

TWO FISTIC COMBATS.

Godfrey Knocks Out Ashton in 14 Rounds, and Kilrain Has a Set-to With Scholes.

The great fistic battle between George Godfrey, the well-known colored pugilist of Boston, and Jack Ashton of Providence, R. I., was fought at Boston, Mass., on Nov. 7, and ended in the defeat of Ashton, to the great surprise of the followers of the ring. Some months ago the directors of the Parnell Club arranged a contest between Godfrey and Ashton. The club offered a $1,200 trophy for the men to box for, and at the end of 25 rounds the man having the most points to his credit was to be awarded the prize. Both men trained faithfully, and when they stepped into the ring they were in the best of condition. Ashton weighed nearly 200 pounds, while Godfrey tipped the scales at 179 pounds. Billy Madden and Steve McMaugh of Providence seconded Ashton, and Jimmy Carroll and Frank Steele attended to Godfrey's wants.

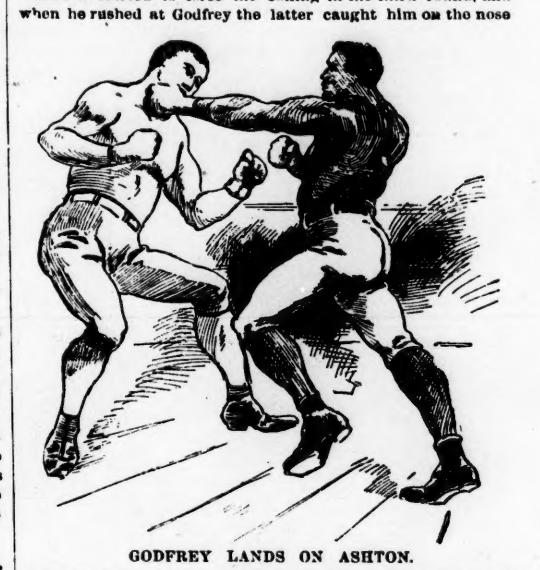


GEORGE GODFREY.

Ashton was the first to lead, but his blow fell short. They worked closer together and exchanged light blows on the face and body. After breaking away Godfrey laid his right and left on Ashton's face in such a manner that his stock began to boom. Ashton began working for Godfrey's heart and wind, but the colored man stopped many of the blows. Godfrey did some clever work with both hands during the latter part of this round, and he landed his right and left repeatedly on Ashton's face and neck.

Ashton opened the second round with a straight left on Godfrey's wind. Godfrey then sent his left in Ashton's face, and the Providence man returned the compliment with a left-hander on the wind. Godfrey showed his science, and he hit Ashton over five times to his once, and every one of the blows were telling ones.

Ashton started to force the boxing in the third round, and when he rushed at Godfrey the latter caught him on the nose



GODFREY LANDS ON ASHTON.

with his left. Ashton managed to get in a couple of hard left-handers on Godfrey's ribs. Godfrey landed right and left on Ashton's face twice in succession and got away without a blow. The Providence man then reached Godfrey's body with his left, and the round ended with Godfrey planting his left straight on Ashton's mouth.

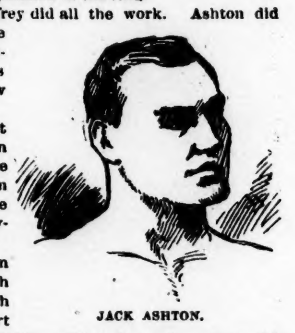
In the fourth round Godfrey increased his lead considerably. He landed his right and left several times in Ashton's face and only received a few light body blows in return.

In the fifth round Godfrey hit Ashton when and where he pleased, and several times Ashton clinched to save himself.

Godfrey began forcing the fighting in the sixth round, and he scored many points, while Ashton only got one or two.

In the next round the colored boxer had everything his own way. Ashton tried to get his left in on Godfrey's body and received Godfrey's right on the jaw with such force that he was compelled to take a sitting position in the ring.

In the eighth round Godfrey did all the work. Ashton did not get in a good blow, while Godfrey's right and left visited the Providence man's eyes, mouth, nose and jaw many times.



JACK ASHTON.

Ashton got in his right twice on Godfrey's neck in the ninth round, and the colored boxer landed on Ashton's mouth and face with his left and right several times.

The Providence man again began rushing in the tenth round, and he received such a warm reception at the start that he quickly stopped. Godfrey did such good work in this round that the call of time was the only thing that saved Ashton from being defeated.

The 11th, 12th and 13th rounds were interesting ones. Godfrey hit Ashton when and where he pleased and sent him to the floor several times.

The next round settled the contest. Ashton made a good rally, and though he got in some good blows in vital spots, yet they did not effect Godfrey in the least. Godfrey worked on Ashton's face and jaw for all he was worth, and when time was called Ashton was on the floor. The referee then declared Godfrey the winner. Joe Lannon has challenged Godfrey.

The announcement that Jake Kilrain, the heavy weight pugilist of Baltimore, would meet John F. Scholes, the champion general athlete and boxer of Canada, attracted nearly 2,000 spectators at the Mutual Street Skating Rink, Toronto, on Nov. 4. After a first-class athletic entertainment the band played "Yankee Doodle," and then, amid tremendous cheers, the heavyweight champions, Scholes and Kilrain, made their way to the ring. Harry Cooper introduced them to the spectators. It was at once seen that Kilrain was much heavier than Scholes, although the latter is two or three inches taller.

At the call of time the men stepped quickly to the centre of the ring. Both sparred cautiously for an opening, Kilrain doing some feinting which failed of its object, as Scholes kept away from him till he saw his chance, and landed on Kilrain's body with right and left. Kilrain countered lightly, and Scholes got away quickly. Both men sparred all over the ring, and latterly Kilrain got in on Scholes' head heavily, and some desperate exchanges followed till time was called.

The second round was opened by Scholes, who landed with his left on Kilrain's face, after which both men clinched, and in breaking away Kilrain tried an upper cut, but Scholes got away in time to avoid the blow. Kilrain then forced the fighting and got in some heavy body blows, which Scholes returned. Some in-fighting followed, neither having much advantage when the round was closed.

In the third round both men quickly got to business. Scholes led with the left, but Kilrain closed, and both were ordered to break away. Again the men clinched, after which Scholes put in right and left on Kilrain's face, receiving some body blows in return in the ribs. This round ended much in favor of Scholes, who forced the fighting all the time. The fourth and last round was a desperate one, and both men lost their tempers. It was chiefly characterized by close fighting and clinches, time being called when both men were hugging each other, Scholes pounding Kilrain on the body, while the latter was attending to the Toronto man's head. The contest showed that Scholes is as quick as ever, though Kilrain was the fresher of the two at the finish. The spectators were more than pleased with the way the Toronto man got in on Kilrain, often without a return, while the latter appeared to most advantage in close fighting.

A FEW "ON DITS."

Tittle Tattle About the Brawny, Muscular Athletes.

A LITTLE TALK BY "REFEREE."

Frank P. Slavin, the Australian heavy-weight champion, will not defeat Jem Smith, the English champion, judging by the form displayed by the Australian in his recent match with Bill Goode, the middle-weight pugilist, in England.

* * *

Goode only stands 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighs 154 pounds, while Slavin is six and a half inches taller and weighs 190 pounds, and yet with this great advantage in height and weight, not mentioning Slavin's great muscular strength and length of reach, Goode held his own against this Australian giant for 20 minutes, and one time during the contest he had him, according to the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent's report of the affair, "up Queer street."

* * *

Slavin, when he faces the courageous, sturdy champion at Smith's forte (bare knuckles and London prize ring rules), will find that he has a tougher customer than Goode to conquer, and if he succeeds in winning he will surprise more than myself.

* * *

The Australian may be more useful when battling with nature's weapons unadorned than with the mufflers, but it is doubtful. Smith, it must be understood, is by far a better pugilist than many will allow. He is not a glove fighter, but a genuine Simon Pure prize fighter, and one who possesses all the essential qualifications for a champion, and no one knows this fact better than those who witnessed the great and desperate battle in France in December, 1887, for $10,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world.

* * *

Unless Slavin did not show his true form with Bill Goode, the pigmy English middle-weight, I cannot see upon what lines Slavin's party are backing him against Smith, unless it is to pick a few plums from the pugilistic excursion pudding, which, if arrangements are carried out the way I have been informed they will be, will amount to nearly £2,000. It is not on Slavin's pugilistic ability he is being backed, unless the parties who are furnishing the money must have an eye on some way to quit even.

* * *

Until I read of Slavin's fistic display with Goode I had an opinion, from information I had received from New Zealand and Australia, that Slavin was a wonder, and that Peter Jackson could not play second violin to him.

* * *

Since then I have changed my mind and come to the conclusion that it is a "dead heat for the place," to use a turf phrase, between Slavin and Jackson, and the only doubt about Jackson's winning in a "run off" would be courage and stamina. Slavin is no doubt possessed of both quantity and quality, as far as courage is concerned; but I never yet met a colored pugilist, and I have seen the Travers, McHenrys, Woodsons, Godfreys, Wilsons, Taylors, etc., and they always made a drop off place at the wrong station.

* * *

Jackson may be an exception, but until he con- tends with small gloves, according to London or Queensberry rules, with a Sullivan, Kilrain or a Smith, I shall always believe Jackson does not hang out a danger light, neither will I believe he will stand the gaffs or face the music when his opponent's batteries are doing damaging work. This, of course, is only an opinion, and the future history of the P. R. will unfold whether it is correct or not.

* * *

I clipped the following from the "Spirit of the South": "Prof Denny Butler recently visited Wilkesbarre, Pa., to see his cousin, who is also a professor, but not of the same sort as Denny, he being a school teacher. With a friend they went to Plymouth, Pa., five miles from Wilkesbarre. At the hotel Denny was introduced to Mike Comfort, of Plymouth Butler's friends gave Comfort a thrilling account of Denny's many battles. Comfort, doubting the professor's ability, sought out Mike Beatty, a local teacher of the manly art. He told Mike he had a farmer who was dead stuck on boxing, and he wanted Beatty to kill him. Butler was introduced to Beatty as Harry Newman, of Towanda, Pa. Beatty suggested a bout and Butler acquiesced. Beatty at the call of time went at Denny like a mad bull. Butler stepped back, and with a right-handed swing floored Beatty. Beatty, thinking it a chance blow, again endeavored to rush Butler, but a series of heavy body blows with a right-hander on the neck settled the Plymouth teacher, who said Denny was the most scientific and hard-hitting farmer he ever met Beatty is no slouch, having licked Prof. Wm. McClellan and several other good men. After the scrap Prof. Butler was introduced by his proper name. Beatty was greatly astonished, and will meet Prof. Butler at New Orleans, should the professor allow him another go."

* * *

Twenty-six stake races worth $7,000 or over have been run on the Eastern tracks this season. Eight of these were decided at Monmouth, aggregating $106,330; seven at Sheepshead Bay, worth $147,570; four at Morris Park, of the value of $54,310; four at Gravesend, totaling $44,045, and three at Jerome, amounting to $29,730. If we add to these the American Derby, of Chicago, the only other stake worth upward of $7,000, and whose gross value was $17,190, we have a grand total of $399,175 for the twenty-seven stakes, or an average of $14,784 for each.

* * *

One of the sensations of the English racing season has been furnished by the appearance of the Australian bred race horse Ringmaster and the unexpected high form he has shown. It is the first venture of taking a race horse from Australia to England, and although it has not been attended by quite as successful results as attended the efforts of the American-bred horses Parole, Iroquois, Foxhall, Wallenstein, Don Fulano, etc., it has been of a character to encourage the Australians to further efforts, especially as Ringmaster did not rank as a top-sawyer at home. Yet he has won the Billesden handicap, 114 pounds; Pontefract spring handicap, 100 pounds; Great Northern handicap, 103 pounds, etc., and was second to King Monmouth in the Great Eber handicap.

* * *

Signorina spread-eagled the field in the race for the Middle Park plate, which is a key to the English Derby. Signorina, it can safely be added, is at the present moment the fastest two year-old in training. It is indeed a pity that Signorina has no engagement in the Two Thousand, Derby or Leger next season, her only appointments of importance in 1890 being the One Thousand, Oaks, Epsom Grand Prize, Grand Prize of Paris and Eclipse stakes. In England the champion plunger turned up—not in friend Benzon, as might have been expected—but in G. A. Blake, of the Lewisham S. C., with a plunge of 72 feet 5 inches, which he afterwards excelled by doing 73 feet 7 inches, just to show what he could do.

* * *

Blakelock's defeat by Bill Reader in England takes the gilt edge off Jimmy Carroll's victory over Blakelock in California. I never put Carroll's victory over Blakelock as a championship performance, simply because Blakelock had to meet Carroll at 133 pounds, while Blakelock's regular fighting weight is 126 pounds. Consequently Carroll had seven pounds the advantage in weight.

* * *

Many believe that weight makes very little differ- ence when light or middle weight pugilists are contending in the arena. Even two pounds difference between men of a special class who are to battle makes a great difference, and the heaviest has decidedly the advantage, for the heaviest pugilist will certainly tire out his opponent.

* * *

If Carroll's backers are backing him to meet Billy Myer, the Streator pugilist, for $10,000 a side on the strength of Jimmy Carroll's victory over Blakelock, then Myer's backer should not hesitate about ratifying a match, for in my opinion Myer outclasses Carroll; that is, judging by the pugilistic form both have displayed.

Mitchell stated that after he settled his match with Johnny Reagan he intended to challenge Jack Dempsey. Mitchell's match with Reagan is now one of the matches of the past, and it would be in order for Young Mitchell to keep his word and ratify a match with Dempsey. Young Mitchell is eager to reach the top of the pugilistic ladder, and he can gain more glory and prestige by meeting Dempsey than any man in the pugilistic class.

* * *

Fast time is one of the most essential elements in trotting, as it is a guarantee of excellence that the most disinterested spectator, as well as the sporting public, appreciate.

* * *

A race may be closely contested and split up in the most bewildering manner, still the contestants fail to arouse the electrical burst of applause that follows an unprecedented or even a sensational performance made by an Axtell, Maud S. or a Sunol. The records made in trotting during the season just closed show that there has been wonderful improvement made in trotting, and I present the following table, which will be found interesting to breeder, driver and the sporting public at large:

PERFORMER.	SIRE.	First Quarter.	Second Quarter.	Third Quarter.	Fourth Quarter.	Mile.
Guy	Kentucky Prince	32¼	33¼	32¾	32½	2.10¾
Axtell	William L.	33	32¼	32½	34¼	2.12
Belle Hamlin	Hamlin's Almont, Jr	34¾	32¼	32¾	33	2.12¾
Bonnie McGregor	Robert McGregor	33½	32	34	34	2.13½
Palo Alto	Electioneer	33	32¾	33¾	34½	2.13¾
Sunol	Electioneer	32½	33	33	35¼	2.13¾
Nelson	Young Rolfe	33¾	33½	32¾	34¼	2.14¼
Harry Wilkes	George Wilkes	34¼	33½	34½	32½	2.14¾
Jack	Pilot Medium	33¾	32¼	36	33	2.15

The above table shows that Axtell not only trotted the fastest half placed on record in 1889, but also the fastest three-quarters.

* * *

Axtell's clip, made at Terra Haute, when he made his wonderful record, was at the rate of 2:10 1-3. Guy's mile, like the majority of Axtell's, was one continued flight of speed. Belle Hamlin's mile is a marvel At Buffalo, N. Y., she beat Harry Wilkes in 2:15. At Rochester, N. Y., she made a mile in a rain storm in 2:16¾, and at the New York Driving Park she defeated Harry Wilkes, trotting the middle half of a mile in 1:05 and the last half in 1:05¼.

* * *

Palo Alto and Sunol paved the way to their great- est triumphs by trotting the first half of their respective miles in 1:05¾, 1:05½. The stallion almost kept up his clip to the three-quarter post, and Sunol did, but the loose footing on the sandy track at Fresno made a marked decrease in her speed as she approached the finish. Nelson's burst of speed in the third quarter of his fast mile at Hartford is only surpassed by Axtell's, while Guy and Belle Hamlin equal it, and it was that fast quarter that opened the avenue to his defeat in the Charter Oak stake. The fractional time in Harry Wilkes' and Jack's miles aptly illustrate the flights of speed that are required to win fast races. The former came from the half-mile post to the wire in 1:07, finishing the last quarter at a 2:10 gait, while Gene Smith was timed separately for the distance in 1:06. The time made in the first half of Jack's mile goes to Alcryon's credit, as the former was a length back when the grey stallion passed the half. The 36 seconds in the third quarter can be attributed to Alcryon's break, while Jack's ability to finish is proved by the 2:12 gait in the last quarter of the fastest mile he ever trotted.

* * *

I learn that the great foot race fraud between Whalley and Anderson of Ottawa is now in the courts. The same old story of a cross being given to a party of heavy bettors is at the bottom of it. Anderson has won a great deal of money for the Ottawa sports lately by running skin races, so says the Toronto *Empire*, but this time he played his cards to perfection against them. This journal proceeds:

* * *

"Although the race was not equal to that of Bethune and Anderson three years ago, so far as the wages were concerned, still it was bad enough. Anderson, his trainers, Brown and Gibson of England, and Gus Moore, his principal backer, went down to the metropolis (Montreal) on Oct. 16, and were cock sure of a victory notwithstanding that Whalley was to have a start of two yards in the hundred. Besides the $500 put up by parties, Moore and two or three other Ottawa sports placed all their pile on their man, in whom they had the greatest confidence.

"His backer went so far, after placing $300 in addition to the bet, to put up his handsome diamond ring valued at $300. On the race track pools were sold, Anderson always being a great favorite. Anderson was dressed in flannels only, and, despite the protests of his backer and trainer, would not start in tights. Immediately the pistol was fired Whalley broke away, and had increased his two yards' start to fully five yards before Anderson attempted to move.

"He started anyway, and made a poor endeavor to catch his man. About half way down the distance he lessened the space between him and his opponent, but Bob Kelly, a well-known sporting character of Montreal, rushed out on the track and pushed Anderson. He partially missed him. Anderson, nevertheless, pulled up and Whalley came in an easy winner.

"After the race all kinds of rumors were afloat concerning the sprint, but everybody thought it was a 'put up job.' Moore has served an injunction on Bill Ready for $900 of stakes, and expects to get it back. Just before Anderson's arrival in Ottawa, two months ago, it is alleged he and Gibson worked the same game at Seneca Falls, N. Y., where they had a narrow escape from being killed by the irate losers."

* * *

Another Toronto journal says: "W. McKay, the referee, signed a paper which may have an important effect in the legal proceeding. He declared that he discovered before the race was run that it was not going to be run on its merits, and Anderson was going to lose. At the conclusion of the race, when Whalley won, McKay, on account of the crowd present, was afraid to give any other decision than that Whalley came in first. But he immediately warned the stakeholder, W. Ready, that the race was crooked. This was said in the presence of Mr. Cassidy, who bears out its truth. It is said that George Brown, who trained Anderson, had made a declaration that Anderson sold the race. Brown says: 'I have made no declarations of any kind. I went to Montreal, bet my money, lost it, and am not kicking. I don't believe Anderson sold the race.'"

* * *

Every one in this country and Canada knows George Forbes. In his younger days he was a "flyer" of the first water, and his 150 yards in 15 seconds at Providence in 1869, still stands a top notch, it never having been beaten in America. Mr. Forbes, whose headquarters now are in New York, has an interest still in several valuable trotters, but he has to a great extent transferred his love and allegiance to the bang tails, and is the owner of a strong stable, the presiding genius over which is Mr. Ras Burgess, a clever trainer, and one of the most highly respected men in the profession. Forbes owned Oliver K., record 2:16¼, who won the $10,000 purse at Hartford, Conn. He then sold him for $16,000. Forbes now resides in New York, and his racing stable is at Coney Island and embraces the following horses: Lonely, 3, by Longfellow-Leveret; Banburg, 5, by King Ban-Rosaline; Cleophas, 3, by Mortemer-Lizzie Lucas; Arab, 3, by Dalnacardoch-Retribution; Volta, 4, by Virgil-Mollie Highland, Fred B., 6, by Princeton-Roxaline; Rowland, 6, by Shannon-Riglin; St. Valentine, 5, by Buckmaster-The Little 'Un; Ten Broeck, Jr., 5, by Ten Broeck-Mollie McCann; Ethens, 3, by Eolus-Calash, and a bay colt by Woodlands, eleven in all.

"REFEREE."

The following special was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

MARION, Ind., Nov. 9.

Billy Wilson, the well-known backer of fighting dogs, has agreed to match his fighting dog Jack against Angola, the gorilla owned by W H. Stewart, for $500 or $1,000. In reply Stewart has agreed to match the gorilla against the English bulldog, according to "Police Gazette" rules, to a finish, at any place or time for from $100 to $500 a side.

NEXT WEEK!—BE SURE AND GET IT!—Grand Annual Holiday Number and Beautiful Colored Supplement, Illustrating John L. Sullivan and all his Battles in the Prize Ring; out November 30.

CONUNDRUMS SPIKED.

OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

SUPPLY AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices.

Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

T. J. W., Harrisburg.—No.

A. W. C., Tonawanda.—No.

M. W., New York City.—No.

MONTE, Hoboken, N. J.—No.

W. C., Boston, Mass.—A wins.

W. E. S., Cleveland, O.—B wins.

C. H., Jersey City.—A is correct.

C. H. K., New York City.—There is no such trophy.

ST. JULIAN, JAY-EYE-SEE, Columbus, Ohio.—A loses.

N. W., New York City.—1. No. 2. On March 10, 1888.

R. L., Elwood, Neb.—We know nothing about the parties.

POKER, St. Paul, Minn.—Yes: four playing for table stakes.

C. B, Pine Bluff, Ark.—A had a right to build. B is wrong.

W. S., New York City.—Kilrain weighed 178 pounds; Sullivan, 217½ pounds.

R. C. E., Wendover, Laramie Co., Wyo.—Send again for answer to your query.

A SUBSCRIBER, Albany, N. Y.—Paddy Ryan is living in San Francisco, Cal.

G. W. F., Galesburg, Ill.—1. Yes. 2. At the Southern Athletic Club, New Orleans.

DOUBLE PEDRO, Byron Centre.—Low wins if he has only one to go to win the game.

W. C., Albany, N. Y.—James Killoran, of your city, can give you full information.

A. S., Jersey City.—1, Maguire was the referee. 2. Billy Kelly is still living. 3. No.

E. D., Owego, N. Y.—We do not know of any other paper of the name you mention.

C. H., Kokomo.—Apply to some dealer in old coins. We do not know the value of coins.

B. B., Benkelman, Neb.—Nine and four-fifth seconds, by H. M. Johnson and H. Bethune.

T. D., Baltimore, Md.—B wins. Jem Ward, the English pugilist, was in this country.

J. O., Long Island City.—Harry Hill keeps a sporting house near Harlem Bridge, N. Y.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—1. A wins. 2. Sixes are high. 3. John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches.

J. C. S., ——, R. A.—No. He never held that title, but he fought Mike McCoole and Tom Allen.

FAIRMOUNT, Woonsocket, R. I.—The battle you mention was for £4,500, and was won by Jack Couper.

T. J., Troy, N. Y.—According to your own statement you lost. The decision rendered was not an unjust one.

A. T. K., Justus, Ohio.—1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. We can supply them. 4. See answer to C. W., Houston, Texas.

E. N. O., Cello, Ore.—It is a private matter, and we could not state what salary the party you refer to receives.

J. C., Erie, Pa.—Jack Dempsey and Charley Mitchell never met as opponents in the ring, with or without gloves.

R. L., We do not know anything about the standing of the firm. They do not advertise in the POLICE GAZETTE.

T. J. C., Pottsville, Pa.—Sporting books and goods of all descriptions can be obtained at this office. Send for catalogue.

J. V. H., Duluth, Minn.—Send on a forfeit with a challenge. No doubt one of the many feather-weights will accomodate you.

H. V. D., Pensacola, Fla.—Fred Westling was born June 20, 1866. Height, 5 feet 4½ inches; weight, 125 pounds, in condition.

C. A. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Capt. Andrews crossed the Atlantic ocean in an 18-foot open boat. 2. During the present year.

W. C. S., Parkersburg, Va.—1. A wins. 2. Jem Mace and Ned O'Baldwin did face each other in a 24-foot ring, but they never fought.

M. C., Sturgis Hotel, Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, New York City.—1. We do not keep such statistics. 2. Duffy was the winner.

T. W. C., Boston, Mass.—Tommy Kelly is a native of St. John, N. B. He fought several times in the prize ring with Parkinson, Seddons, etc.

T. J., Salem, Mass.—1. The "Police Gazette" standard champion boxing gloves are the best. 2. Nearly all the boxing and athletic clubs endorse them. 3. Yes.

W. C., New York City.—A wins. Neil Masterson, of Australia, did win the single-scull championship of England. He rowed George Perkins for the title Aug. 16, 1886.

A. B. C., Wendover, Laramie County, Wyo. Ty.—1. Have mailed book. 2. Al Cridge, Twenty-eighth street, New York. 3. No books are made on pugilistic events.

M. J., Fort Hamilton.—1. No. 2. With Russia and France on one side and Germany, Austria and Italy on the other, 7,000,000 men can instantly be put in the field, with 100,000,000 reserve.

M. J., Denver, Col.—The great fire in New York occurred Dec. 16, 1835. The fire destroyed 648 buildings, covering nearly 40 acres of land. The property destroyed amounted to $88,000,000.

A. D., Utica, N. Y.—1. The circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE is larger than any weekly paper published. 2. The circulation of the last holiday number of the POLICE GAZETTE was over 300,000.

C. W., Houston, Tex.—The limits of the different fighting weights are: feather-weights, 115 pounds and under; light-weight, 133 pounds; middle-weights, 154 pounds; over 154 pounds, heavy-weights.

A. W. C., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. Joshua Ward was the first champion oarsman of America. 2. He won the title at Staten Island, N. Y., in 1835. 3. James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., succeeded him to the title.

M. W. C., New York City.—Frank P. Slavin defeated Mike Dooley at Sydney, Australia, on Dec. 11, 1888. The battle lasted one round, lasting 2 minutes 45 seconds. Slavin knocked Dooley out by a right-hand blow on the jugular.

S. W., Port Jervis, N. Y.—We do not know anything about the business standing of the firm you mention Sporting goods of all descriptions, gaffs, boxing gloves, footballs, etc., are supplied by the POLICE GAZETTE. Send for a catalogue. The POLICE GAZETTE has ten times the circulation of the paper you name, and it goes all over the world.

M. H. D., Augusta, Ga.—1. We cannot give any opinion. 2. The referee decided you lost, and no matter whether he erred in his judgment or not the decision stands and there is no appeal. If we held the stakes we should not entertain your protest but pay over the money to the winner, which the stakeholder should do as long as the referee has furnished him with a written decision or ordered him to do so.

T. C., Norwich, Conn.—1. The cock fighting season opens this month. 2. No. 3. The first cocking main of the season in Washington, D. C., will take place Thanksgiving Day, at Shreve's Orchard House in Bladensburg, Md., between John Leonard and Wm. Eslin, both of Washington, D. C. Thirteen cocks will be shown by each party. Inch and a half heels to be used. 4. Send to this office for the POLICE GAZETTE book on cock fighting. It is the best published.

T J. W., Hartford, Conn.—1. Jimmy Carroll of Brooklyn is 23 years of age. 2. No. 3. The following is his record: Defeated Dick Collier, the English middle-weight, in 21 rounds; Jack Ashton a draw; Joe Graves of Trinidad, West Indies, defeated in 5 rounds; Theodore Blackman in 17 rounds; "Ginger" McCormick in 4 rounds; Tom Murphy of England in 4 rounds; Geo. Brennen in two rounds; John Yeck, at Hoboken, 7 rounds; Hartford Dave, at Hot Springs, Ark., in 9 rounds, and Mike Leary in 4 rounds.

T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Jack Dempsey, since his defeat by George Le Blanche, has not issued any official challenge to again meet his conqueror. 3. It is customary when champions or non-champions desire to engage in a fistic encounter for them to post a forfeit with either the New York *Clipper* or the POLICE GAZETTE with their deft. Dempsey has not done so, therefore no blame can be attached to Le Blanche for not paying any attention to Dempsey's offers. Le Blanche has publicly stated that if the California Athletic Club would put up another purse of $5,000 he would again meet Dempsey upon the same terms that governed the last contest.

M. D. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—We decided the question correctly. D had no claim to either first or second money. For instance, if there is a horse race in which Speedwell, Cracksman, Capulin and others start, and Capulin and Speedwell run a dead heat, they win first and second money, which they can either divide, if it suits the owners, or run off to decide who shall receive first money. After Capulin and Speedwell ran the dead heat Cracksman and the balance of the horses have no claim to either first or second money; therefore when A and C threw 45 they won first and second prize. They had the privilege of dividing or throwing off the tie. B and D were beaten by A and C, consequently our decision, which was that A and C won first and second prize, was correct.

T. J. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—There was eleven races run on the turf during 1889 of which the stakes amounted to over $10,000 in each race, and 25 races in which the stakes averaged over $7,000 each. The following were the largest stakes run for:

		VALUE.
Futurity, 2	Sheepshead	$63,300
Realization, 3	Sheepshead	39,400
Great Eclipse, 2	Morris Park	27,000
Junior champion, 2	Monmouth	25,370
Lorillard, 3	Monmouth	21,700
Omnibus, 3	Monmouth	20,800
Great American, 2	Gravesend	20,000
Titan	Jerome	15,040
Great Eastern Handicap, 2	Sheepshead	12,125
White Plains Handicap, 2	Morris Park	11,130
Brooklyn Handicap, all	Gravesend	10 000
Suburban Handicap, all	Sheepshead	10,000

S. W. & J. H. San Jose, Cal.—The middle-weight championship of America is held by Jack Dempsey, although technically George Le Blanche is looked upon as the middle weight champion, he having defeated Jack Dempsey. The battle between Dempsey and Le Blanche, in which the latter conquered Dempsey, was not for the middle weight championship. If the title had been included there would be no question raised in regard as to whether Dempsey or Le Blanche held that title. Dempsey won the middle weight championship when he fought Johnny Reagan for $2 000 and the "Police Gazette" champion belt, which trophy now belongs to Dempsey. All pugilists who contend for the middle-weight championship in any part of the world must scale 154 pounds or under. Dempsey and Le Blanche when they battled for $5,000 in the California Athletic Club, had no restrictions in regard to what either should weigh, neither was there any clause in the agreement that the battle should be for the middle-weight championship; therefore Dempsey's defeat did not practically effect the title he held.

GREAT AMATEUR SPORTS.

Games of the Outing, Acorn, and Riverside Amateur Athletic Clubs.

The Outing Athletic Club games attracted nearly two thou- sand spectators at the athletic grounds of the Brooklyn Athletic Club on Nov. 5; and what made the event a sporting feature was the hammer-throwing and weight-putting contest between Malcolm W. Ford, of the Staten Island Athletic Club, and A. A. Jordan, of the New York Athletic Club, for the all-round amateur championship. It was won by Jordan, creating a great surprise. Following are the summaries:

Match at throwing weights between A. A. Jordan, N Y A C, and M. W. Ford, S I A C—Throwing 16 pound hammer, Jordan first, 103 feet 4½ inches; Ford second, 91 feet 10½ inches. Throwing 56-pound weight, Jordan first, 21 feet 11 inches; Ford second, 21 feet 10½ inches. Jordan having won two of the three events, the third one, putting the 16-pound shot, was not competed for.

100-yard run, novice (scratch)—Won by M. Remington, Nautilus Boat Club; J. Benson, American Athletic Club, second; time, 11½ seconds.

120-yard run (handicap)—Won by E. S. De Lamm, Pastime Athletic Club, (7½ yards); W. M. Christie, Titan Athletic Club (scratch), second; time, 12 3-5 seconds.

One-mile walk (handicap)—Won by Charles Wulf, Pastime Athletic Club (30 seconds); J E. Keating, Pastime Athletic Club (25 seconds), second; time, 7 minutes 24 1-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump (handicap)—Won by A. Brown, Pastime Athletic Club (3 feet); Thos. J. Lee, New York Athletic Club (2 feet 6 inches), second. Winner's jump 18 feet 10 inches.

One-Mile Run (handicap)—Won by Chas. Britton, A A C (125 yards); Fred W. Kilbourne, of New Brunswick, N. J. (110 yards), second. Time, 4 minutes 30 2-5 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdle Race (handicap)—Won by Bernard Strauss, A A C (14 yards); A. Brown, P A C (scratch), second. Time, 27 1-5 seconds.

440-Yard Run (handicap)—Won by Clark V. Mellen, New York City (24 yards); J. V. Connelly, B A A (30 yards), second. Time, 51 4-5 seconds.

Half-Mile Run (handicap)—Won by H. H. Morrell, Pastime Athletic Club (25 yards); A. B. George, Manhattan Athletic Club (scratch), second. Time, 2 minutes 1 4 5 seconds.

One-Mile Bicycle Race (handicap)—Won by F. G. Brown, New Jersey Athletic Club (55 yards); F. G. Burgess, Rutherford, N. J. (40 yards), second. Time, 3 minutes 7 1-5 seconds.

The following are the events and the winners in the games of the Acorn Athletic Club at New York City on November 5:

75-Yard Run (handicap)—Won by David Sands, Pastime A C (4 feet), in 8 3 5 seconds; C. O'Malley, Jr., Acorn Athletic Association (8 feet), second.

One-Mile Walk (handicap)—Won by C. L. Nicoll, M A C (scratch), in 7 minutes 15 2-5 seconds; C. F. Lardner, M A C (40 seconds), second, in 7 minutes 52 seconds.

440-Yard Run (handicap)—Won by A. A. McCausland, Prospect Harriers (35 yards), in 56 1-5 seconds; W. C. Johnson, Varuna Boat Club (16 yards), second.

220-Yard Run (handicap)—Won by W. P. Slattery, S I A C (13 yards), in 26 1-5 seconds; George Jackson, Acorn Athletic Association (12 yards), second.

Putting Sixteen-Pound Shot (handicap)—Won by F. L. Lambrecht, Manhattan A C (scratch), 39 feet 11 inches; J. J. Van Houten, New York City (5 feet), 34 feet, second.

One-mile run (handicap)—Won by J. McCrury, St. George A C (90 yards), in 5 minutes 3 seconds; R. S. Baird, St. George A C (90 yards) second.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle race (handicap)—Won by J. J. Mullin, New York City (10 yards), in 33 4 5 seconds, P. B. Jennings, St. George A C (9 yards), second.

Running broad jump (handicap)—Won by W. P. Henery, N J A C (2 feet), 18 feet 8½ inches; P. E. Dehnert, S I A C (2 feet 6 inches), 17 feet 6 inches, second.

The following are the winners of the Riverside Athletic Club games, held at Newark, N. J., on Nov. 5:

Seventy-five-yard run—Won by Le Massena in 8 1-5 seconds, with E. Sonn second.

The 440 yard race was won by Bolton for the second time. Time, 56 1-5 seconds. There were four starters.

The 220 yard handicap was won by A. D. Tompkins, scratch, with Le Massena second. Time, 40 seconds.

The high jump was won by C. Pierson with 5 feet. Le Massena cleared 5 feet 2 inches, but Pierson had 6½ inches handicap.

In the 230 yard run Van Clief won in 25 1-5 seconds, with Bolton second.

The three-quarter mile run was won by A. D. Tompkins (30 yards) in 3 minutes 38 1-5 seconds, with Pierson (scratch) second.

The following special was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

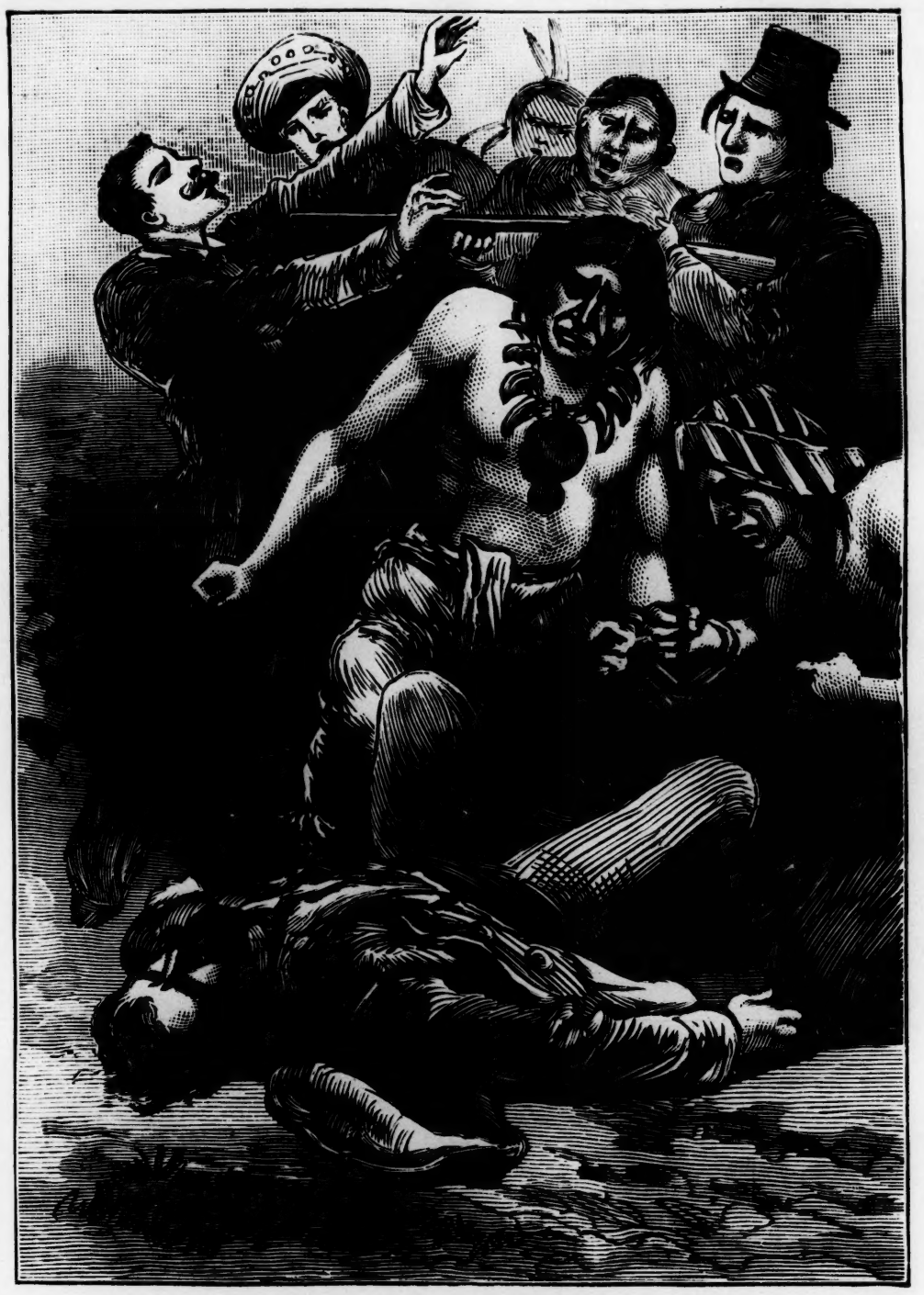
SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 8.

The prize fight between Joe Donovan and Tom Brady for $250 a side and a purse of $300 given by the Washington Athletic Club, was a desperately fought battle. Seventeen rounds were fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, when Brady knocked Donovan out. The battle lasted 1 hour 7 minutes. Brady was one time middle-weight champion of the Pacific Coast. Donovan received $100 from the club purse. Both men were terribly punished.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

HOW KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN, MECHANICS TREATED AN OBNOXIOUS FOREMAN WHO CLIPPED THEIR WAGES AND THEN WENT HOME.

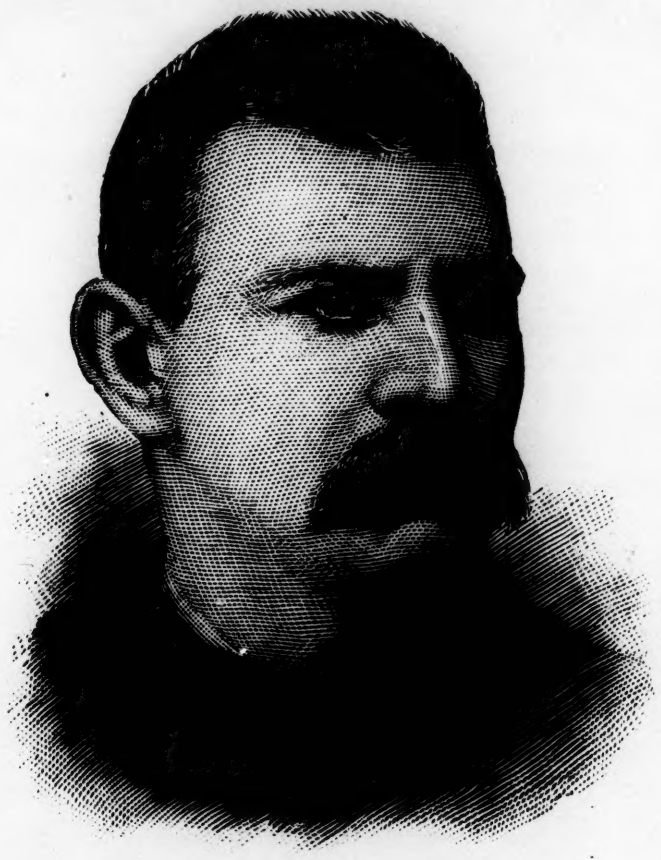


BLOODTHIRSTY ARIZONA INDIANS.

SHERIFF REYNOLDS AND ASSISTANT MURDERED BY THEIR PRISONERS NEAR RIVERSIDE WHILE EN ROUTE TO THE PENITENTIARY.

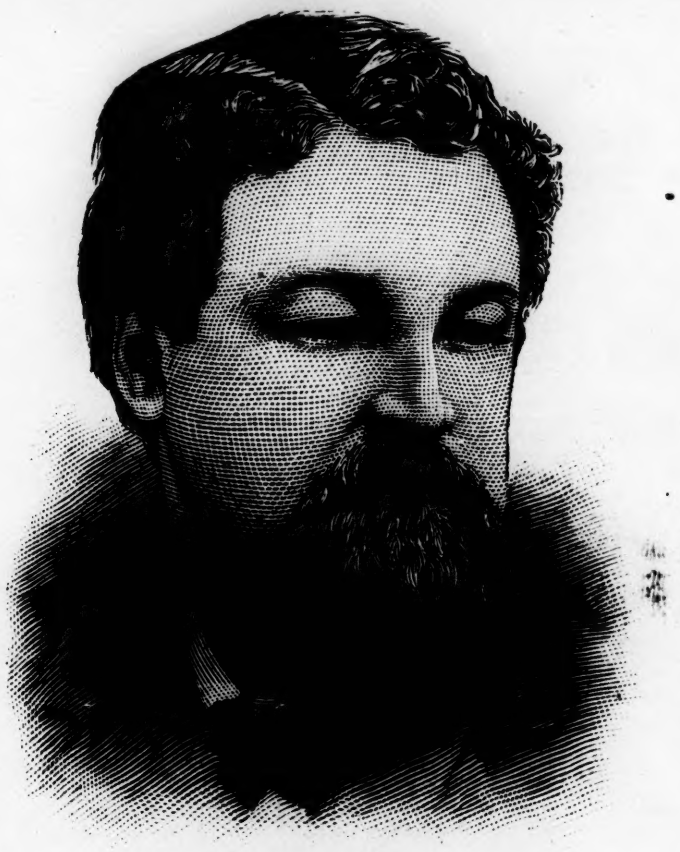
A DOUBLE MURDER.

TWO FIERY LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, CITIZENS DO EACH OTHER TO DEATH IN THE LOCAL POST-OFFICE.



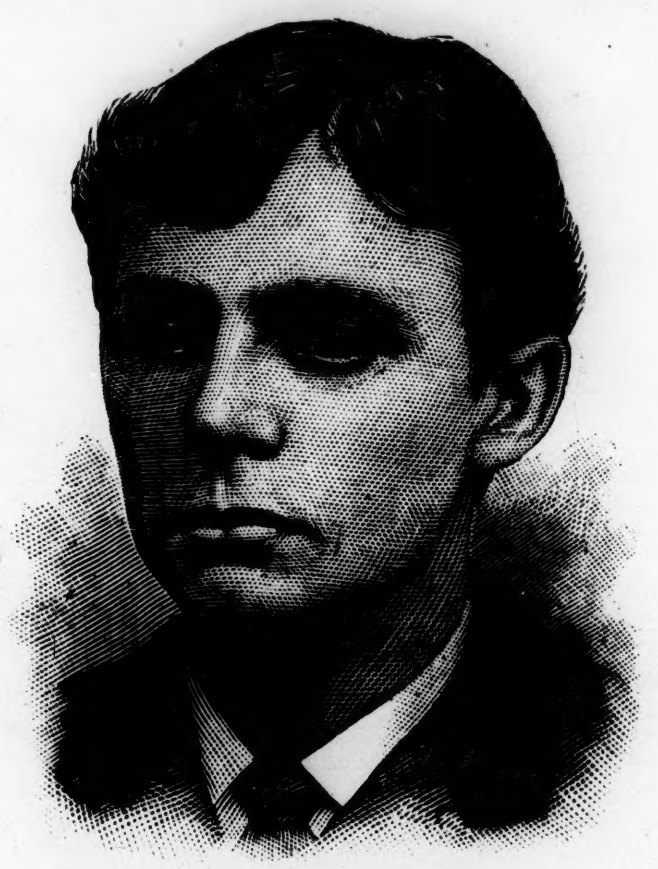
AN OMAHA SPORT.

ARTHUR P. ROTHERY, THE CLEVER LIGHT-WEIGHT WHO IMMIGRATED FROM NEW YORK TO BECOME A NEBRASKAN.



BUTTE, MONTANA'S, TURFITE.

IKE MOOREHOUSE, THE JOVIAL BONIFACE OF A FAMED SPORTING HOUSE AND A PATRON OF THE TRACK AND TURF.

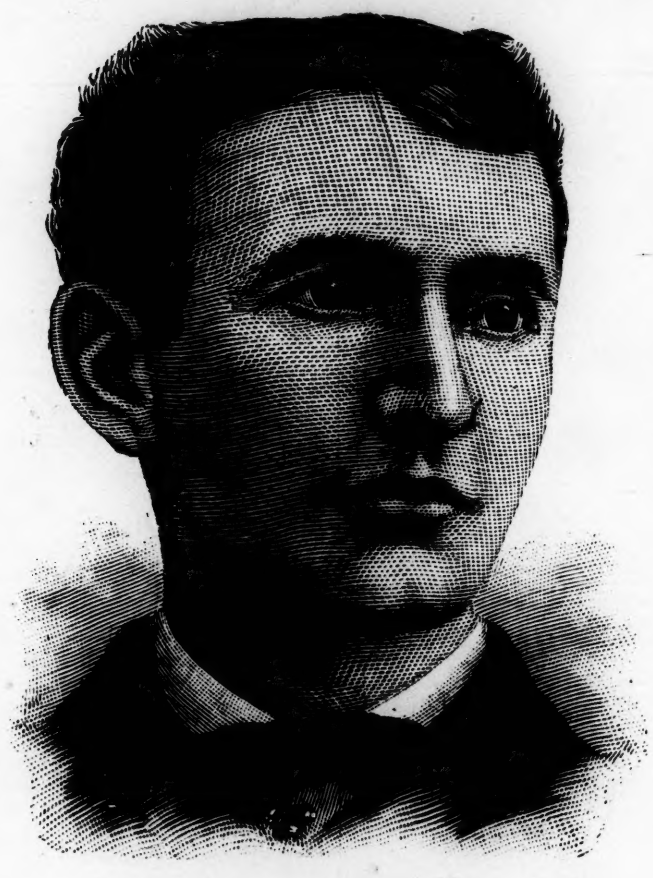


FRISCO'S FAVORED DRIVER.

WALTER A. MABEN, WHO, BEHIND STAMBOUL, BEAT THE STALLION RECORD ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

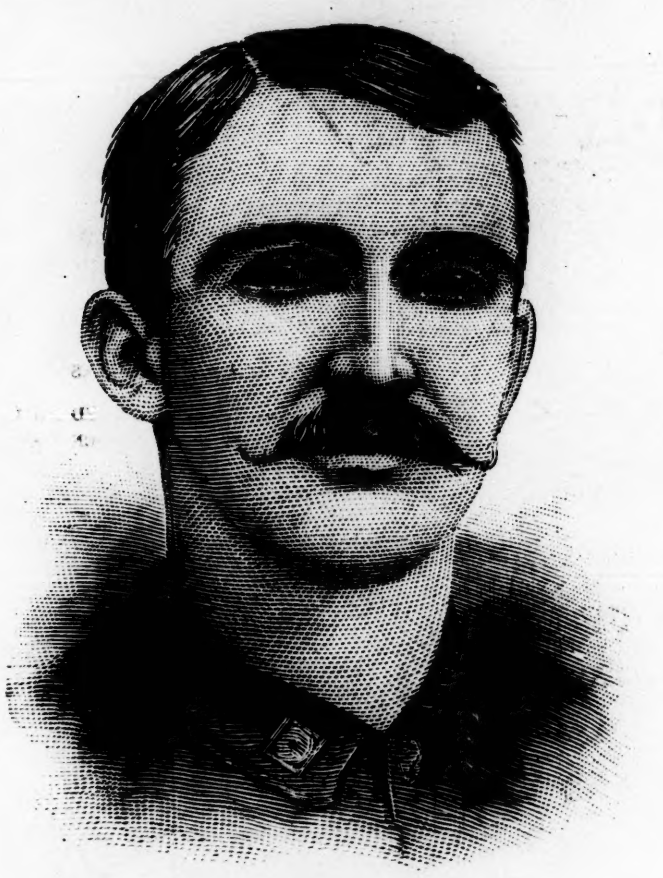
A BOSTON FEATHER-WEIGHT.

M. H. COLLINS, A FAVORITE AMATEUR OF THE HUB AND STEWARD OF THE FAMOUS GYMNASIUM CLUB OF THAT CITY.



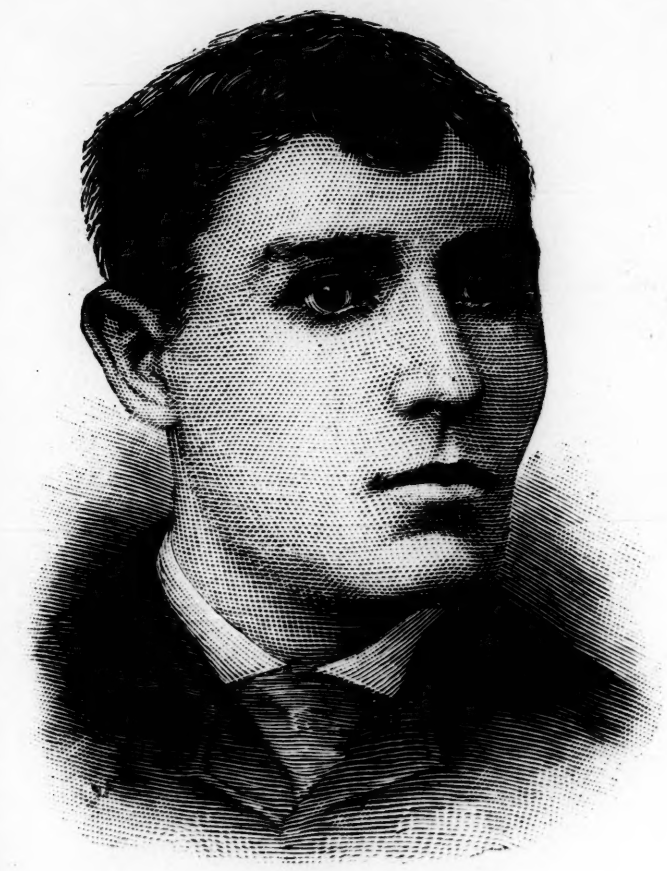
A GENIAL FLIP-FLOP.

JOHN MACMAHON, WHO DOES FUNNY BUSINESS IN THE CIRCUS AND DELIGHTS INNUMERABLE PEOPLE.



KANSAS' BRAWNY BOY.

NICK M'FADDEN, OF FORT RILEY, A CLEVER EXPOUNDER OF THE MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.



HANDY WITH THE BALLS.

IKE WEATHERHORN, CHAMPION POOL PLAYER OF SOUTH CAROLINA, AND A WELL-LIKED CUE SHOVER.

A RISING YOUNG PUGILIST.

ERI THOMPSON, OF GEORGETOWN, COLORADO, WHO IS EXTREMELY LIVELY WITH HIS DUKES.

A WASHINGTON, D. C., SWIMMER.

WILLIAM K. DICK, THE CHAMPION NATATOR OF THE CAPITAL AND WELL-KNOWN SPORTING MAN.

WILLIAM F. DALEY.

One of the Most Prominent Tonsorialists in Boston, Mass.

The portrait of one of Boston's best-known and most popular tonsorialists appears above. Mr. William F. Daley is the gentleman referred to. He can crack a joke a lively as he can part a bald-headed man's hair. As a story teller he is a grand success, and his parlors in the old Boston Tavern are the resort of the fastidious gentlemen of Boston town.

AN OMAHA SPORT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Arthur Rothery, the clever young middle-weight, is achieving considerable fame in Omaha, Neb. Rothery was formerly a resident of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., but finally immigrated to Omaha, where he is now conducting a boxing academy which is largely patronized by some of the most prominent business men of that city. As an all-round athlete he stands without a peer in Omaha. Mr. Rothery's friends will find an excellent portrait of him on another page.

AMATEUR POLITICIANS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some time past there has been a series of burglaries and robberies at North Adams, Mass., which until recently has been a troublesome mystery. It is now known that they were committed by an organization of boys of from eleven to thirteen years of age, eight of whom are under arrest. The boys are children of respectable citizens.

A WASHINGTON, D. C., SWIMMER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William K. Dick of the Ivanhoe Club, of Washington, D. C., is the champion swimmer of the District of Columbia. He is well known in sporting circles in Virginia, Maryland and the District of Columbia. Mr. Dick's portrait appears on another page.

A RISING YOUNG PUGILIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Eri Thompson of Georgetown, Col., is well known to sporting men and admirers of pugilism in Colorado. Thompson is a rising young pugilist and athlete. His last fight, with Harvey, the French slugger, has gained for him many admirers.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.

HEARING PERFECTLY RESTORED
By Peck's Pat. Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions Ill'st'd book FREE. Call or write F. HISCOX, 853 B'way, N. Y

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The publication day of the POLICE GAZETTE will hereafter be Wednesday instead of Thursday.

Copy for advertising must be in by Saturday A. M. of the preceding week.

Advertisers and advertising agents will please govern themselves accordingly.

ADVERTISING RATES.

ADVERTISE IN THE POLICE GAZETTE

The most profitable and consequently the cheapest advertising medium on earth. Rates as follows:

Ordinary Advertising - - - -	$1 00 per line.
Reading Notices, 14th page - - -	2.00 " "
" " other pages - -	5.00 " "

Agate measurement, eight words averaging a line.

Copy must be in by Saturday A.M. of previous week, except otherwise announced, to insure insertion in coming issue.

Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

NEXT WEEK!

THE GRAND ANNUAL HOLIDAY EDITION OF THE

POLICE GAZETTE

WILL BE No. 638,

Published Wednesday, November 20.

An Elegant Double-page Colored Supplement will be Presented with this Number.

As a very large sale is anticipated, advertisers will do well to be represented.

No advance in rates. All orders must be in by Saturday, November 16. Address all communications to

RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

BOXING.

Prof. Harry Umlah has opened a neat gymnasium at 254 Fifth Avenue, New York, where he gives private boxing lessons. Send for terms.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBS and COPAIBA Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhœa, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a *red strip* across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price, $1.00. Sold by all druggists.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25cts. a Box
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

BROU'S INJECTION
A PERMANENT CURE
of the most obstinate cases of Gonorrhœa and Gleet, guaranteed in from 3 to 6 days; no other treatment required, and without the disagreeable results of dosing with Cubebs, Copaiba and other nauseating remedies. Sold by all druggists. J. Ferré, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

BIG G
Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Trade Mark
Big G has given universal satisfaction in the cure of Gonorrhœa and Gleet. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill.
PRICE, $1.00.
Sold by Druggists.

A HOUSEHOLD BLESSING, AND WOMEN BLESS IT!
BONA DEA
A Harmless Vegetable Tonic. For all Female Complaints and Irregularities. By mail (sealed) 50c. and $1. Trial size, 10c. BONA DEA MED. CO., Jersey City, N. J.

SYPHILIS If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $200,000. We guarantee a cure, and our Magic Remedy is the only thing that will give permanent relief. Before patronizing others off ring a similar speedy cure, see that they are responsible, that their guarantee is good.
COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

TANSY PILLS
DR. CATON'S RELIABLE COMPOUND
are SAFE, PROMPT, and EFFECTUAL, INSURING REGULARITY in the most *obstinate* cases. Ladies, ask druggist for "Dr. Caton's," in handsome sealed metallic box, and accept no substitute, as you can always get the only *absolutely infallible* woman's salvation, by mail, sealed and secure, for $1. Full information, in sealed letter 2 stps. Address, CATON MED. SPEC. CO., Boston, Mass.

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Cures Gleet, Gonorrhœa and Urinary affections in 48 hours. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2081, New York. Post Free $1.00
MIDY

DRUNKENNESS is A DISEASE, and can be Cured, by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for free circulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

WEAK MEN suffering from Lost Manhood, Youthful Errors, Spermatorrhœa Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, and all Private Diseases, should read my 64p. Book and learn how to cure themselves quietly at home. 30 years experience. Book Free. Dr. D. H. Lowe, Winsted, Conn.

TANSY PILLS!
Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured in seven days by using Docuta Sandalwood Capsules. Avoid imitations; buy Docuta Sandalwood; it is genuine. Price, $1.50. All druggists.

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills: $1 per box: 6 for $5, postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Magic Remedy will cure Syphilis quickly and permanently Write to Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb.

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FACIAL BLEMISHES
The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 125 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and Scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

25 Years Test

Proves Prof. Hall's Magic Compound has no equal for Forcing a beautiful Mustache or Beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face in 21 days, without injury or hair on bald heads. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We offer our $1. size for 90 days at only 25c or 3 for 50c postpaid Simply cost Mailing, etc; our regular wholesale price being $6 per doz. Stamps Taken. Hall Mfg. Co., Milk St., Boston, Mass.

We grow heavy moustache, whiskers, and hair on bald heads, in 20 to 30 days. DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR, the only remedy. 2 or 3 Pkg's. do it. Pay Agents, $6 per day. No experience needed. As proof, and to weed out frauds, we mail anybody, Dollar size Pkg's. for 25c. 4 for 50c. or 12 for $1. We ask no profit. Stamps taken. Smith Mfg. Co. Palatine, Ills.

PROF. BAILEY'S ELIXIR IS GUARANTEED to produce a heavy MOUSTACHE BEARD, or hair on BALD HEADS, without injury, in two to three weeks. Two or three packages do it. One package 25c., four for 50c., or twelve for $1.00. Agents make $10 per day. Postage stamps not taken. $100 offered to anyone who can prove that this Elixir does not do what is claimed for it. Sent sealed. Postage paid. Address Excelsior Supply Co., Lock Box 259, Cohoesimus, N. Y.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills: $1 per box: 6 for $5 N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass

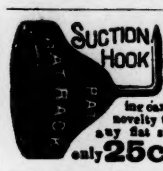
Syphilis cured. Write Cook Remedy Co., Omaha.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lots of PRETTY FANCY PICTURES GIRLS

COMPLETE PHOTO OUTFIT FREE!
TO introduce our new style instantaneous process, whereby you can take cute and catchy fancy or Actresses' pictures — can copy and take hundreds from old photos. or new pictures found in books, &c., from Photo size to 6x8 in. You do away with paying $3.00 or $5.00 per dozen for French or American Photos, and can establish a profitable paying business among the boys — some clear $50.00 in *one week making pictures*. Any one can become an expert. It is *delightful, easy work*. No chemicals or costly articles needed. Outfit also includes half-dozen negatives, so you can print *Hundreds of Fancy Pictures*, to sell, from them. As we want to establish an agency in every town, we will send one sample outfit to introduce the business at once. *Enclose* 25c. for packing, &c., and we send it *securely boxed*. You can also print your own or friends' pictures with this outfit.
PHOTO OUTFIT CO., Box K., Augusta, Me.

One person in each locality can earn a good-sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $20 a day and upwards, and all get grand wages No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary Capital not required, we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only One person has earned $5000 during past few months; you can do as well No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month STINSON & CO., BOX 378, PORTLAND, MAINE.



2 NEW ARTICLES FOR PRICE OF ONE
Self-inking Pen-Pencil STAMP with your name in beautiful type for printing cards, marking linen, books, etc., and our new novelty the Wizard Hat rack (sticks to glass, wood or any flat surface) sent postpaid with full catalogue for stamps or silver. 6 for $1. Agents wanted. only 25c. Ingersoll Bros. 45 Fulton St, N.Y. City.

Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp.

Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents sample, 15c. Club of eight, $1.00. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn.

10 CENTS pays for plain directions to enable ladies and gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may require. This process is simple, but so captivating and enthralling that all may be married irrespective of age, appearance, or position. The most fickle and cold hearted are alike subject to its influence, while young and old, rich and poor readily bow to its attractions. By return mail P. O. Lock box, 021, Chicago, Illinois.

Get the Set of four pretty French girls, highly colored, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; no two alike.
14 COMICAL ILLUSTRATIONS of a young couple. "Before and After Marriage," 10c.; 3 for 25c. "A," Box 20, No. 34 Church St., New York.

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Used on this paper is manufactured expressly by FRED'K H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, New York.

CIGARS 1 sample box [100] of our Premium Nickel Cigars for $2.25 (express charges prepaid) to introduce them. *Try a Box.* D. O. GALLEAR & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

MOUTH ORGAN CHART Teaches any one to a tune in 10 minutes. Circulars free. PLAY Agts. wanted. Music Novelty Co, Detroit, Mich

Results of Errors of Youth completely removed: Health and Manhood restored by the Nervous Debility Pills. Address N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, Boston.

17 Rich Photos, for Gents. Sealed. Sure to suit, 10c.; 54 for 25c. THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, N.Y

LOVERS PACKAGE and Sample of Rubber Goods for 10c. DUDE NOVELTY CO., Hattonia, Ohio.

LADIES' Princess Shields, pat., 50c.; 3 for $1. Silent Assistant, 30c. GEM IMP. CO., Chicago, Ill.

NEW CURE FOR LOVE, with Rubber Sample, for 10c. HOME SUPPLY CO., Hattonia, O.

RUBBER GOODS

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Jerubebin, ¼ drachm.
Helonias Dioica, ½ drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatiæ amaræ (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s. Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take **two** pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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